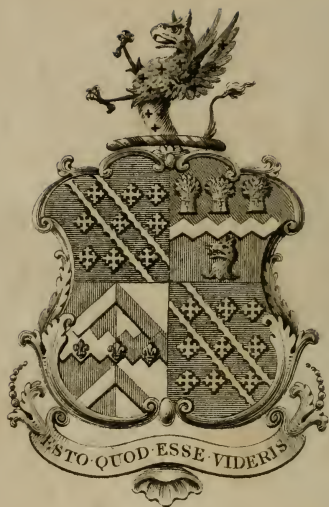
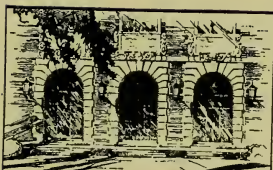
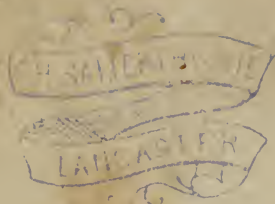


223g  
v. 3



*Robert. Michaelson.*



LIBRARY  
OF THE  
UNIVERSITY  
OF ILLINOIS

823

P223g

v. 3

Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2009 with funding from  
University of Illinois Urbana-Champaign



THE  
GUERRILLA CHIEF.

VOL. III.



THE  
GUERRILLA CHIEF:  
A NOVEL.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

---

BY EMMA PARKER,

AUTHOR OF

*“ Elfrida, Heiress of Belgrove ;”—“ Virginia, or the  
Peace of Amiens ;”—and “ Arestas.”*

---

————— I seek thy strand,  
Romantic Spain! 'Tis but to while away  
The lingering hours in Fancy's fairy land,  
And frame wild fictions of thy latter day.

M. R. MITFORD.

---

VOL. III.

---

London :

PRINTED FOR WILLIAM LINDSELL,

WIMPOLE STREET ;

BY J. F. DOVE, ST. JOHN'S SQUARE.

1815.



823

P223g

V.3

THE  
GUERRILLA CHIEF.

---

CHAPTER I.

---

In fuller sight more near and near,  
The lately ambush'd foes appear,  
And issuing from the grove advance,  
Some who on battle charger prance,  
*Who* leads them on with foreign brand,  
Far flashing in his red right hand ?

LORD BYRON.

---

**H**ONORIA's heart beat as if it would have burst its boundaries; new born hope animated it, and her eager eyes darted forward in the direction from whence the martial call had proceed-

ed; when she perceived, galloping forth from among the trees, the forms of many horsemen, now lost and now apparent between the branches, as the moonbeams glittered on their arms. Now foremost, advanced far beyond the others, appeared a white charger, bearing a warrior, whose figure, air, and gestures, as he emerged from among the trees in that most interesting light, presented all that could be conceived of the chivalric heroes of old.

“ Iberian seem’d his boot, his vest the same,  
And well the Spanish plume his lofty look be-  
came.”

“ It is De L’Arevalo! the *Guerrilla Chief!*” exclaimed the Gallic officer.  
“ Frenchmen! fight like tigers, or you are conquered.”

No sooner had Honoria ascertained to a certainty that she might hope for deliverance, and heard the name an-

nounced, which she knew to be renowned amongst the allies of the British, than she formed the resolution of instantly flying to the protection of this gallant band, nor quietly awaiting to be re-captured. It was only necessary to give Rinaldo the reins to make him fly over every intervening obstacle; for the sound of the bugle shewed him all the war horse, and he seemed ready to spring into the midst of the fray.

As the Frenchmen rushed to meet the leader, now supported by his followers, Honoria was borne to the rear of the *Guerrillas*, who, she then perceived, were a very small party, and she feared inferior in numbers to the *chasseurs*. They were now all engaged. She heard their sabres clashing, and saw their pistols fired in each other's faces. She beheld the horses rearing, and some falling back

on their riders ; others rushing forward with ungovernable fury.

To remain distant from the dreadful scene was her object, but Rinaldo no longer obeyed the rein ; in vain she endeavoured to turn him, or compel him to remain stationary. He began to snort and foam, and paw the earth ; then reared erect, and then began to plunge in a manner, which at once unseated his rider ; but fortunately she regained her place on the saddle, but only to drop herself from it, in order to avoid a more dangerous descent, when Rinaldo flew into the heart of the battle. Honoria staggered to a tree, against which she supported her trembling frame, while panting and pale with terror and agitation she stared wildly about her, and gladly rested her eyes on Barnett, whom she perceived close to her.

Shortly after two Guerrillas came galloping towards them ; one of them



proved to be an officer. He addressed Honoria in Spanish with much politeness, saying, he was deputed by his commanding officer to conduct her to a place of safety. She answered him as well as she could in that language, informing him she had been taken prisoner by the French ; for she feared he might imagine she was attached to them. The officer assured her, that in having fallen into the hands of the Count de L'Arevalo, she might esteem herself fortunate, as no respect or attention would be wanting on his side to ameliorate her situation, and that she might depend on being restored to her husband (for he naturally concluded she was some officer's wife) the very earliest opportunity.

“ But are you victorious ? ” cried Honoria, observing that the remainder of the Guerrillas were still engaged,

and dreading that they might be overcome."

"We cannot be otherwise, when De L'Arevalo leads us on," said the young officer with enthusiasm; "he is so confident of victory, that he has weakened his force by detaching me and another to guard you to our quarters, not two miles hence."

Honorina could not express her gratitude, but she evinced it in the look of anxiety she cast towards the scene of action, and she gave a cry of joy on perceiving the Guerrillas driving the chasseurs at speed before them, while the white charger was still prominently conspicuous on the rear of the flying enemy. Rinaldo, she concluded, was in the midst of them, and being now deprived of him, she mounted Barnet's horse, and, for the short distance they had to proceed, contrived to retain her seat on his saddle.

## CHAPTER II.

---

---

The reverend pile lay wild and waste,  
 Profan'd, dishonour'd, and defac'd ;  
 Through storied lattices no more  
 In soften'd light the sunbeams pour,  
 Gilding the gothic sculpture rich,  
 Of shrine, of monument, and niche.  
 The civil fury of the times  
 Made sport of sacrilegious crimes.

ROKEBY.

---

---

ON being informed they had nearly reached their destination, Honoria was surprised, as neither lawn nor hamlet, or any vestige of the “ busy haunts of man,” was to be seen ; on the contrary, they were traversing a wild, romantic track of country, embosomed in a chain of mountains.

They now suddenly wound round the base of one of them, when she perceived an immense pile of buildings, to which, in the uncertainty of moonlight, she could give no distinct form, but was by the Spanish officer informed, it was the convent of San Fernando, which had for some time been the head quarters of De L'Arevalo's Guerrillas.

It appeared, that the Count had only been going his nightly rounds, visiting the inferior posts under his command, attended by a very small party of his men, and a subaltern officer, when they had chanced to fall in with the chasseurs.

At another time Honoria might have thought there was something formidable in the appearance of the lofty wall which enclosed the edifice they were now approaching. A platform had been contrived at the top of the wall on which sentinels were

stationed, who challenged our little party from above ; but on the officer's repeating the countersign to others keeping guard at the portal, a horn was sounded, and a wicket in the enormous gates was opened, and Honoria, descending from her horse, passed through, and found herself in an extensive court-yard, surrounded by cloisters. From one of these a door opened, through which the officer conducted her by a private way to the interior of the structure ; and thus she avoided that part appropriated to the use of the soldiers. Their attendant Guerrilla had procured a light from the guard-room, and now bore it before them, through a passage which conducted to a large and dreary apartment, which had once been the refectory, a table still remained stationary in the middle of the room, and some broken forms

were propped up, so as still to serve their purpose.

The officer apologized for leaving Honoria there ; but said, if she would repose herself for a few moments, he would hasten to give orders for her better accommodation. He had scarcely disappeared, when Barnett entered with some most excellent wine, and other refreshment, such as Honoria had not expected to find in such an asylum, and which he said the Guerrilla had given him by the officer's orders to bring to her. It was by no means unacceptable, and she was partaking of it with some relish, when she suddenly started up, exclaiming, " Where is Chico ?" Barnett was standing near the door ; he returned, " Law, ma'am, I thought you had him !"

" *Me*, Barnett ! how could I have him ? Did I not give you strict charge not to let him out of your arms ?"

“ Yes, ma’am, but when you made off so from the Frenchmen, I made the best of my way after you, and he struggled so when he saw Rinaldo, after you had got off, fly by us, that he fairly *riggled* himself out of my arms ; and he is such a little slippery thing, and my horse was so restive too, that I could not keep hold of him ; but I thought he would have come to you, ma’am.”

Honorina was very much displeased with Barnet ; for though she had no doubt of recovering Rinaldo, should he escape the perils of the battle, she feared poor Chico would be trampled to death, as he had followed the horses heels. She had not forgotten that the name on his collar announced him the property of the Count de L’Arevalo, and she had hoped to have restored him to his master. The young officer returned in about a quarter of an hour, followed by a



Spanish woman, (the wife of one of the Guerrillas), whom he had caused to be aroused, and who now offered to conduct Honoria to a chamber. She led the way through a folding door, up a staircase, which conducted to a long passage. Into this opened the cells once occupied by the monks, who had first been driven from their tranquil abode by the outrages of the French, who had, in their turn, been obliged to cede their accommodations to their conquerors. From the passage, Honoria passed through an anti-chamber, from whence opened the apartment she was to repose in, and with astonishment she surveyed its neat and comfortable appearance. She immediately dismissed her attendant, for she was half dead with fatigue, and felt that the greatest luxury she could at that moment enjoy, would be to lay down and sleep in security. She perceived that there



were two doors in the room, but she was too tired to examine where the second led to; it was enough for her that there was a massy bolt on each, which, with some difficulty, she succeeded in moving; and, safe from intrusion, poured forth her gratitude where it was due, for her providential escape from the dreadful fate that had threatened her, and resigned herself, for some hours, to the most refreshing slumbers.

She was, at length, awakened by a violent scratching at her chamber-door, and she started up in some alarm. The scratching redoubled, accompanied by a whine, occasionally improved to a sharp bark. “Chico, Chico!” cried Honoria, as with a joyful sensation she jumped up, and soon admitted him; and while he demonstrated his delight by almost springing to her head, repeatedly she apostrophized him, as we are some-

times apt to do our dumb favourites, as if we supposed they could understand us. “ Where have you been my Chico? and how did you find me out? naughty little rogue to run away so; and where is Rinaldo? did you see him Chico, and did you find out your own master, and what did he say to you? will you go back to him, and leave your poor mistress?”

When Chico's raptures had a little abated, Honoria looked at her watch, but she found that she had neglected to wind it up. The sun was shining into the apartment, and from its elevation she judged that the morning was advanced some hours. Her portmanteau furnished her with the means of refreshing herself by a change of dress; and scarcely was she equipped when she heard the Spanish woman outside the door, requesting to know if she could do any thing for her. On being admitted, she said she had been

several times to listen if the Signora was awake, as she had a message to deliver from the Count de L'Arevalo, begging she would demand whatever she required. The woman, whose name was Marcella, added, that she had arranged breakfast for the Signora in the next room. Honoria now expressed her thanks for the Count's attention, and her apprehensions that she had turned him out of his apartments. Marcella said, to be sure those were the Count's own private rooms, but he was proud to resign them to the Signora; he had given orders to Don Mateo to that purpose, and she (Marcella) had been called up the night before, to hurry away all the Count's things out of the chamber, and prepare it for the Signora. Marcella was very much inclined to be voluble, and Honoria hoped to gain some intelligence from her respecting Rinaldo, and she made in-

quiries to that effect. Marcella could not satisfy her on that point, but promised to find out if any strange horses had been brought back by the Guerillas. She then opened the opposite door to that by which Honoria had entered the room, and displayed a scene so totally unexpected, as to excite both pleasure and surprise in Honoria, chiefly occasioned by the appearance of the breakfast table, which was covered with a clean napkin (a great rarity in Spain), and, what was much more common, displayed a quantity of delicious fruit, which together with coffee, eggs, and very good bread, formed quite a feast. The apartment was, like the chamber, hung with tapestry, and a piece which had been torn from some other wall, was laid down, forming a very good substitute for a carpet. Several volumes of loose books lay on a marble slab, together with a flute, music,

materials for drawing, writing, &c. in short, various evidences of recent occupation by some person of no common order. A sort of settee was drawn to the table, exactly opposite a large glass door, which opened to a balcony, from whence a flight of steps descended to an extensive garden and shrubbery, terminated by a river; which, while it admitted a view of a wildly magnificent country, secured the entrance to the grounds. The two sides were enclosed by a high wall, concealed by fruit trees. On observing Honoria's surprise, Marcella said, "That is the Count's private garden now, he does not let any body go into it, or it would soon be torn to pieces. It was formerly the Abbot's, and so were these rooms; the good Abbots always like to be comfortable; but since he was driven out, they have always fallen to the share of the commandant, so they

have been preserved from destruction; and they have been the Count's for these two months, as the convent has been the head-quarters of our Guerrillas all that time; so we fancy ourselves quite settled."

Honorina now approached a window that opened on an opposite direction, and she found that it looked upon the principal court-yard, through which she had entered the preceding night. It was full of soldiers; and, on Marcella's drawing near, she said, "Our Guerrillas are going to be mustered, see how beautiful they look, now they all fall into their places: wait a moment, Signora, and you will see the Count. The bugle will sound when he is coming, and all the officers will drop their swords to him."

## CHAPTER III.

---

A form more active, light, and strong,  
Ne'er shot the ranks of war along.  
The modest, yet the manly mien,  
Might grace the court of maiden queen.

---

The trumpets flourish'd high and shrill,  
Then was a silence dead and still.

WALTER SCOTT.

---

**H**ONORIA looked with much interest for the appearance of a man whom she heard so much of, and to whom she felt herself so much indebted.

“Is not that him?” she asked, directing Marcella’s attention towards an officer of majestic and stately mien, who stood alone in the square, “he



answers exactly to the idea I have formed of the Count de L'Arevalo?"

"No," returned Marcella, "that is our old major.—Hark!"

The bugle sounded—the swords were dropped; and Honoria beheld the striking figure of the *Guerrilla Chief!* whose graceful and dignified deportment, set off by all the adventitious aid of dress—his firm, yet agile step—the unstudied, yet picturesque attitude in which he appeared, when returning the salutation with which he was received,—altogether presented a model of elegance, and youthful vigour, of the most interesting description.

Honoria regarded him for some moments with genuine admiration, and some degree of surprise; when she exclaimed, "I had no idea of his being so young a man;" for she had fancied that the Count de L'Arevalo, whom she considered as a veteran in



arms, must at least be in the meridian of life, and she had felt more confidence in his protection from that persuasion. She forgot her breakfast, nor could resist watching the graceful Spaniard while he remained in sight. Marcella did not seem inclined to quit her; she was telling her the names of all the different officers, but not one had the power of attracting Honoria's attention from their leader, who was now walking backwards and forwards with the elderly gentleman she had been told was the major; and as she had a nearer view of the Count, she was inclined to think his face corresponded with his figure, and observed to Marcella, that she thought he *might* be handsome, if he were not so disguised by his mustachios.

Marcella seemed shocked at her want of taste, and declared they were beautiful.

The Count at length returned into the convent, and Honoria sat down to breakfast, when Marcella quitted her, saying she should soon be back again, and she re-entered before Honoria had finished her meal. She brought a note from the Count, purporting that he should feel highly honoured in being permitted personally to receive any instructions from the lady he had had the happiness of rescuing, but would by no means intrude on her privacy if she preferred imparting her wishes in writing. That any letters she might wish to address to her friends should be forwarded as soon as it was possible.

Honoria was particularly pleased by the delicacy and propriety of this note; it was written in Spanish, and perhaps that gave it an additional grace. She naturally concluded that the Count was unable to express himself in her language, and she was in-

capable of writing intelligibly in Spanish ; and was, therefore, compelled to return a verbal message, which she did, of the most polite and grateful nature, but contrived to give him to understand she would dispense with the honour of a visit. She was very glad to avoid an interview with a young man of Count de L'Arevalo's appearance, in her peculiar circumstances ; for though she had no doubt of his utmost respect and deference, she felt more comfortable in escaping all personal communication with one, who was certainly not a very *venerable* protector for a lovely young woman !

Barnet now appeared, and gratified her extremely, by informing her that Rinaldo had been safely reconducted the preceding night. On again being left alone, Honoria attempted a letter to her sister ; but her thoughts were so disordered, and so multifarious was the communication she had to

impart, that it was long before she could methodize her ideas sufficiently to commit them regularly to paper. Every time she heard the trampling of horses feet in the court-yard, she started up to look what was going on, yet reproached herself that she could leave a subject of such peculiar interest to watch indifferent things. But was it to watch *indifferent* things? She certainly would not have taken the trouble to rise so often, had she not thought it probable she should see the Count de L'Arevalo mounted on his white charger. She had never before beheld so striking, so interesting a figure, and, it must be acknowledged, it had made a strong impression on her mind, and was constantly before her eyes. But her conscience reproached her not with inconstancy, or a wayward fancy; for was it not her first wish to overcome a passion, which she had long considered as an

inexcusable weakness, that had led her to lavish her fondest affections on an ungrateful object, who had conducted himself towards her in a manner calculated to excite all the pride and spirit of a female mind. In her admiration of the Count, she found not any thing to reproach herself with; perhaps, because she was not aware of the extent of it: be that as it may, she anticipated the moment that should again present him to her sight, and thought that she contemplated him with similar feelings to those with which she would have regarded a beautiful and highly interesting picture.

## CHAPTER IV.

Then on a rapid steed, in open view,  
 From rank to rank, 'twixt horse and foot he flew;  
 From his rais'd helm his piercing looks he cast,  
 His eyes, his figure lighten'd as he past.

TASSO.

HONORIA had not finished her letter, when it struck her, that if a method could be found of remitting it, perhaps *she* herself, by a similar opportunity, might be able to obtain protection to her friends; and she was sorry she had not suggested *that* in her message to the Count. But it was easy to send a second; and she directed Marcella to deliver her apology for troubling him again, and a request to

know if it was not practicable, that she herself might be restored to her friends almost as soon as a letter could reach them, if she could but obtain a safe convoy? To this the Count returned an answer, informing her that he would consider of some plan for the furtherance of her wishes; and if she would permit him five minutes audience in the course of the evening, he would impart to her the result of his reflection, which he could explain better verbally. To this proposal Honoria could offer no denial, and she would have regretted that she had thus brought on herself the necessity of receiving the Count, had she not hoped it would be the means of re-uniting her without delay to her sister.

The dinner, which was served at the hour she named, was by no means unpalatable; Chico was still with her to partake of it, for she had not yet



restored him to his master; but she thought she would make a formal restitution of him that evening. She had not long dined, when the call of the bugle, and the clattering of the horses' hoofs in the court, again drew her to the window, when she perceived the Guerrillas all mounted, and sallying forth through the great gates. In some apprehension, she asked Marcella (who was attending her) where they were going to? when she returned, that they were only repairing to the green outside the walls to manœuvre a little. A few minutes after, the chief appeared, mounted, and accompanied by two of his officers. As they passed under the gateway, the charger displayed some symptoms of restiveness, prancing, curvetting, and then bounding forward with a plunge, perfecting the effect of the graceful figure which he bore. Honoria regretted to lose sight of it, and went



into the balcony to see if she could discern the place of exercise from thence. In that she was disappointed; but she perceived a door at the end, which she found unlocked, and which opened upon the platform that had been erected on the walls, forming a rampart, which in several places was surmounted by cannon. From thence Honoria had a perfect view of the Guerrillas; and no theatrical exhibition had ever given her half such amusement, as she derived from watching their evolutions, and the celerity with which their leader transported himself from one conspicuous situation to another. Though so much gratified with what she had seen, she retired with a more than usual depression of spirits, and re-entered her apartment with an aching heart.

Evening was advancing when the Guerrillas came in. Their re-entrance gave a new turn to Honoria's feelings,

for she considered it as the prelude to her interview with the interesting Spaniard, to which she looked forward with some anxiety and agitation. At length Marcella entered the room in a hurried manner, announcing the Count's approach. Honoria threw her veil over her; she had no desire to excite admiration, but rather wished her claim to personal charms should remain unsuspected. Of the Count's pretensions to manly beauty she was now perfectly satisfied: his head was uncovered, rendering apparent his whole contour, which completely corresponded with the elegance of his figure, and the graceful courteousness of the bow with which he entered her presence. Honoria would have moved forward, and greeted him with the acknowledgments so much his due; but the trembling of excessive perturbation seized her frame, her limbs felt numbed, and the violent throbbing of

her heart rendered her breathless. She sunk again on the seat from which she had arisen, and wrapping her veil around her with the rapid action of extreme disorder, she was deprived of utterance or the power of thought, till she perceived the Count advancing with a second bow, when she recollected herself sufficiently to wave her hand towards a distant seat; to which he immediately retired, expressing an apprehension that his visit was ill-timed. Believing her to be in a state of affliction, he should only increase by noticing, he immediately proceeded to say that he felt great happiness in assuring her that he had no doubt a very short time would restore her to her *husband*. That she might command any force at his disposal, to guard her to the nearest town in the possession of the allies, from whence there would be no difficulty in procuring an escort to conduct her in

safety wherever she might wish to proceed.

“ But,” continued the Count, who spoke in *Spanish*, supposing *that* to be Honoria’s native tongue, “ I fear I do not speak your language sufficiently well to be intelligible to you :” for Honoria discovered no visible sign of comprehending what he said, till at his last question, or rather observation, she put her hand to her head, as if suffering from indisposition ; when the Count immediately arose, saying he would leave her to reflect on what he had said, and extremely regretted having intruded on her at such a time. He then bowed, and quitted the apartment, almost inclined to question whether his fair prisoner was not dumb, at least having no right whatever to pronounce her otherwise.

No sooner had he disappeared than Honoria cast aside her veil, and tottering into the balcony, exposed her

face to the breeze, and gasped for breath as she clasped her hands together, and mentally ejaculated:

“ O gracious Heaven! can it indeed be? Is it then possible? Can the Guerrilla Chief, the gallant Spanish leader be—*Spencer Burlington!!!*—and am I *his captive?*”

She burst into a passion of tears. Joy, dread, hope, and anguish, alternately heaved her bosom, exciting extreme and uncontrollable disorder.

## CHAPTER V.

For since mine eie your joyous sight did mis,  
 My chearefull day is turn'd to chearelesse night.  
 And eke my night of death the shadow is ;  
 But welcome now my light, and shining lampe  
 of bliss.

SPENSER.

**W**HEN Honoria reflected on the manner in which she had parted from Spencer Burlington, and his unaccountable conduct, not only in regard to herself, but her whole family, and even his own brother; flying into voluntary exile, and, as it now appeared, changing his name, which she imputed to some romantic whim. When she considered all these circumstances, how could she anticipate any pleasure

from their meeting? On the contrary, she was inclined to pronounce it the most malignant stroke of fate which had thus thrown her upon the protection of a man whom she wished for ever to forget, and had presented him to her under all the dazzling advantages of fame, rank, and notoriety! When she had first beheld the Count de L'Arevalo, at the time he was pointed out to her from the window by Marcella, the grand charm which she had discovered in the elegant figure was its resemblance to Spencer Burlington's! But the walk, the movements, and the gestures, still more forcibly reminded her of him; but only *reminded* her, for she entertained not the most remote suspicion that it could indeed be him, for she thought the Count taller, and rather larger than Spencer—a deception arising from the style of dress. The mustachios, together with the shade of his



cap, completely disguised the character of his features from the distance at which she beheld him; in short, she could only trace a resemblance, which she concluded to be accidental, but which rendered the Count inexpressibly interesting in her eyes. She could not deny herself the extreme gratification of contemplating one who seemed to bring before her that image which she thought most perfect in nature, though it revived every impression of the most lively regret; and she returned from watching him from the ramparts in a state of such bitter affliction, as determined her no longer to indulge herself in recalling impressions, which totally deprived her of peace. She already considered herself as extremely reprehensible, and was severely arraigning herself for such entire inconsistency with the plan she had till then adopted; when the Count was announced, and she



actually beheld the being who occupied her every thought. The utmost strength of self-possession could only just enable her to conceal the perturbation that seized her. Had utterance been permitted her, she would *not* have spoken ; for, possessed with a persuasion that Spencer knew her not, her strongest dread was that of discovery, for she never could forget the last time he had been surprised by her unexpected appearance. To evince symptoms of indisposition, she thought would cause him to retire, and her design succeeded. On revolving what he had said, it appeared that he had addressed her, as if supposing her to be a *Spanish* woman, and married ; but, on reflection, Honoria, with a bitter pang, admitted the suspicion, that he had adopted a finesse, in order to avoid the awkwardness of a recognition, and that in reality he knew who she was, and *that*

had induced him so readily to devise the means of restoring her to her friends. He was no stranger to the person of Barnet, whom, she concluded he must have seen, from whom he had probably learnt the identity of his prisoner, neither did she believe it possible he could have beheld Rinaldo without recognizing his old favourite, and in seeing him, he must naturally have concluded that some one connected with his brother was near.

Yet, if Spencer knew who she was, why had he proposed an interview? but again she recollected he had delayed it till evening was just closing in, and in that light it was easy to affect not to know her, and while he displayed an appearance of extreme attention and civility towards a stranger, he avoided all the disagreeable circumstances, which must have attended a mutual acknowledgement.

“ And this is the man ! ” thought Honoria, “ who, I am still so weak, so reprehensible, so totally inexcusable ! as to think of with tenderness and regret. He, who treats me as a stranger, because he will not conduct himself towards me as he ought to do, and *must*, considering me as a relative or connexion.

But then again, it was extraordinary that he should come into her presence when he must be certain she would know him, and that through her, his situation and new name would be imparted to those from whom he had so long chosen to conceal it. This seemed a contradiction to the supposition of his knowing her, and she began to hope, as he was so ready to furnish her with the means of departing, she might get away without his discovering her. In that idea alone could she find consolation for the thought of being recognized by Mr. Burlington while so immedi-

ately under his protection, and which she believed would distress him as much as it did her, inflicted on her the deepest humiliation. Her perplexing ruminations were interrupted by the entrance of Marcella with lights. Honoria wished to speak to Barnet that she might discover if he had seen the Count, or rather if the Count had seen him; for as Barnet had discovered some want of sagacity, she thought it *possible* he might not recognize Mr. Burlington under a strange dress. She now asked Marcella why Barnet had not appeared since the morning, when she was informed that he had been seized with a giddiness, and had been obliged to lie down, and had not been able to rise since, but that every necessary attention was paid him. Marcella added, that she had just been to see him, and he was better. On this assurance, Honoria wrote a few lines with

her pencil, which she desired Marcella to take to Barnet, which was an inquiry whether he had been spoken to by the Count, or if the latter had seen their horses? she added something relative to their departure, as if these questions concerned it. Barnet's answer purported that he had not seen the Count at all, that their stable was quite away from the others, and that the Count had not seen the horses when he (Barnet) had left them, but that was early in the morning, as he had not been able to go near them since, but one of the Guerrillas had promised to take particular care of Rinaldo.

This reply was highly satisfactory to Honoria, as it convinced her that Spencer did not know her, and she derived the greatest consolation from that persuasion; for nothing afflicted her so much as the idea that he could enter her presence with such perfec-

composure, and carry on such a detestable counterfeit.

She felt as if she had injured him, and the relief she experienced excited a gleam of genuine joy. Chico at that moment jumped into her lap. “ Ah ! *dear* Chico ! ” she cried, fondly caressing him ; “ how happy I am that I preserved you.” But the next moment she put him down, as the colour suffused her cheeks. She had never before called him *dear* Chico ; she got up and walked about the room, as she added in an altered tone, “ Go, go, Chico ! I must give you up ; go, go to your master, but do not let him know how fond you are of me, or he will despise you for it.” Her tears began to flow, and she retired to her chamber to avoid the intrusion of Marcella ; but she had not been there long when Marcella knocked at the door. Honoria told her she did not want her any more that night : but Marcella,

rather in a ruffled tone replied ; “ I beg your pardon, Signora, but if it is not quite impossible I must come in if you please, though I am sure I am quite ashamed to give so much trouble about such nonsense.”

Honorina now admitted her. She appeared a good deal irritated, and hurrying across the room said, “ I am sure I never was so scolded in my life before, about such a foolish thing too, and this is the first time I ever saw the Count in a passion ; and now to be in such a rage just because I forgot such a trifle.”

Honorina could not resist asking what was the matter, as she observed Marcella go round the bed, and take something that was fixed to the tapestry.

“ Why, it is all about this foolish picture,” returned Marcella. “ The Count was so angry, because I did not remove it last night, and he bade



me do so this morning; and because I forgot it again, he made such a fuss about it, and declared that I must get it to-night, for he could not sleep unless it was hung up close to his bed—any one would suppose he was out of his senses.”

While Marcella was speaking, Honoria had approached, and now beheld her own drawing of the cottage, which had been hung in Spencer's chamber at Edenvale, and which he had refused to give up. Pleasure rose triumphant in her bosom; she imputed it to sudden joy, excited by the sight of the dear, familiar scene, represented in the picture; but it sprung more from the *situation* in which she had discovered it, and from the anxiety she was assured it excited. She had now an opportunity of regaining it, but in so doing she must have betrayed herself; she fancied she was very reluctant to relinquish



it, though she hurried Marcella away, and bade her be cautious not to injure it. It had been hung in such a situation as to escape Honoria's observation; or if she had perceived there was a drawing, she had not examined the subject. She was obliged to the picture for a much more easy night than she would otherwise have passed; but the business of transporting herself, her servant, and her horse, from thence without *either* being recognized by Spencer Burlington, was an undertaking which her utmost ingenuity could not devise the means of executing.

## CHAPTER VI.

---

---

And art thou, dearest ! chang'd so much,  
As meet my eye, yet mock my touch ?

GIAOUR.

---

---

**H**ONORIA arose very early ; but had not long been up, when she heard a horse's feet in the court. She was immediately going to look out, when she recollected she had resolved no more to watch for the Guerrilla Chief ; but a moment's reflection suggested the improbability of its being him, and she gratified her curiosity. But she looked a second and a *third* time, before she could feel convinced her eyes did not deceive her, when she

saw *Rinaldo* following his old master, no longer attired as the Spanish warrior, but in the plain dress of an English gentleman. After proceeding a few paces, he turned to caress his old favourite; and Honoria observed him repeatedly examine the scar which the wound had left in his neck. He then mounted him with a dejected air, and rode slowly through the gates, which were opened to him by the sentinels. Honoria's heart again throbbed only to disappointment and mortification. Here was evidence unquestionable, that *Rinaldo* was not only *known*, but *reclaimed* by his original possessor; and how could that be without his being acquainted with the relative circumstances? Caution was now no longer necessary; and she resolved, as soon as he should return, to send an urgent request to be permitted to depart that day, and she had no

doubt it would be complied with. She had arisen so early that some hours, some wretched hours, elapsed before Marcella appeared to spread her breakfast; she had thought she heard Rinaldo's feet returning, but she would not look out. She now heard all the Guerrillas parading, but she would no more regard them; and sat down to her joyless meal with feelings that turned every thing to gall.

Marcella electrified her by presenting a note, which she said was from the Count. It was still in Spanish, and purported, that having discovered a horse, among those that had been taken from the French chasseurs, which had once belonged to a near and dear relative of his, he experienced the deepest solicitude, lest its owner should have fallen ere he had been deprived of it, and entreated that if the Signora, during her cap-

tivity, had learned any thing concerning the manner in which this horse (which was distinguished by its peculiar beauty, and by having been wounded in the neck) had fallen into the power of the enemy, she would have the compassion to inform him immediately.

Again was Honoria raised from despondence, though thrown into extreme perplexity; for how was she to impart any information respecting Rinaldo's master, without betraying her own identity. But to keep Spencer in a state of such anxiety, or inflict one pang which she had the power to spare him, her heart forbade, and turning to Marcella, who waited for an answer to the note, she said rapidly, "Go, fly to the Count, and tell him—tell him, I have reason to believe the owner of that beautiful horse, he alluded to, is safe—and --

and that the animal fell into the enemy's hands by accident."

Marcella quitted the room as Honoria arose, and walked about in great agitation. Marcella had left the door a-jar, and as Honoria turned, she thought she caught a glimpse of the Count, now in uniform. But she instantly averted her eyes, and turned her back, lest he should perceive her.

Immediately after she heard the door pushed open, and the creak of the "Iberian boot" approaching.

Honoria felt as if she must expire with trepidation and dread; she dared not turn round, for she was without her veil, and there was no possibility of retreating from the spot where she stood, without passing close by the object which excited such a variety of opposing sensations, and who, as he entered, addressed

her in the quick accents of agitation and anxiety.

“ Excuse this intrusion, Signora; I fear it is unwarrantable; but perceiving your door open, I could not resist the opportunity of imploring you to repeat all you know relative to the owner of that horse, who is to me so interesting?”

Honorina felt as if the crisis of her fate was arrived; it was no longer in her power to conceal herself; and all that remained for her to do, was to exert her utmost strength of self-command, in order to conceal the real nature of her feelings, and to meet Spencer Burlington with the demeanour and aspect which his conduct towards herself justified. Fully prepared for another start of horror and dismay, she turned towards him, resolved to convince him she was as little rejoiced as himself; and, pale and trembling, she cast her eyes on



him, endeavouring to assume a look of steady composure, as she attempted to say something about *regret* and *distressing circumstances*. But the beam that darted from his eyes, accompanying the start of amazement! The manner in which he again and again regarded her, and the cry of joy that escaped him the moment he could give full credence to his senses, silenced her at once!

In a delirium of delight, it was impossible to controul, at such a moment, he sprung forward, and would have caught her to his breast, but she shrunk back, motioning him to retire. Instantly he sunk on his knee, while he passionately and repeatedly pressed her hand to his lips, and cast his imploring eyes on her face, as if conjuring her to forgive him; while the rapture he experienced in once more gazing on her, was unquestionably evinced in the



softened rays of his bright and penetrating eyes.

Honorina was wholly unprepared for *such* a reception, and she felt at *that* moment, that her hardest trial was yet to come. She endeavoured to disengage her hand from his firm hold, while she averted her face, and, after many struggles for articulation, at length faltered, “ Pray—I beg—I conjure you to rise—and—and allow me to explain the—the”—

“ No, no,” exclaimed Spencer, springing from his knee; “ no explanation is necessary. I see you here, and that is all that I desire to know, or comprehend.—Oh! what a dull, torpid, insensible being must I be; not to have felt some instinctive sensation, that would at once have convinced me *who* was my captive.”

“ *Captive!*” echoed Honorina with some *hauteur*.

“ O pardon, pardon me!” exclaim-

ed Spencer; "delight has so bewildered my senses, I know not what I say." Honoria's resentful air now compelled him to release her hand, when she seated herself at a distance from the spot where he stood, still gazing on her as if questioning the evidence of his senses.

"O thou inconsistent being!" thought Honoria; "how hard a part have you given me to act! I could have treated the Spencer Burlington I saw at Edenvale as he justly merited; but I now only behold him that I knew at the cottage; and I am ready to forget all that has since intervened."

## CHAPTER VII.

---

---

Had our ill fate ne'er blown thy dang'rous flame,  
 Beyond the limits of a friend's cold name,  
 I might, upon that score, thy heart receive,  
 And with that guiltless name my own deceive :  
 That commerce now in vain you recommend,  
 I dread the latent lover in the friend ;  
 Of ignorance I want the poor excuse,  
 And know I both must take, or both refuse.

LORD HERVEY.

---

---

HONORIA's repellent manner had not so strong an effect on Spencer as she expected, for he seemed too much under the influence of joy to experience any inferior emotion ; and again he approached her, exclaiming: " O ! what a delightful chance that was,

which brought *my* Guerrillas to your succour..”

Honorina interrupted him, saying, with some formality: “ I am fully sensible of the *obligation* I owe you, as well on *that* account, as for the attention with which (considering me as a *stranger*) I have been treated. I have only to say, you will augment my debt of gratitude, by furnishing me with an escort from hence as soon as possible.”

Spencer regarded her earnestly, and with a slight degree of seriousness, while she was speaking, and for a few moments after she had ceased, when he seemed suddenly to recollect the purport of her concluding words; and said,

“ O do not talk of that just now! but, in pity, tell me about my poor brother, and Ella, and your mother, and every body that I am dying to hear of.”

Honorina looked at him with a spe-

cies of surprise, she did not attempt to conceal, as she thought, how suddenly he had become anxious to hear of the welfare of those friends whom he had voluntarily neglected. She said she would willingly satisfy him, as far as was in her power on that head, and waved her hand towards a distant chair, that he might seat himself, preparatory to her entering on the subject ; but, drawing a seat near her, he listened very attentively for the account she had promised him. It was very brief, and a good deal interrupted by coughing and hesitation. She merely informed him of where his brother then was ; that Ella was with him, and that they intended setting off for England as soon as his health (which had for some time been in a precarious state) would permit. She added, in regard to herself, that she had accompanied her sister abroad, and then slightly sketched the cir-

cumstances which had led to her being benighted on the *Plains of Salamanca*, and subsequent capture by the French party.

“ O, delightful *Plains of Salamanca!*” exclaimed Spencer, “ but for your wilds and wastes, this charming catastrophe would never have occurred! and Barnet too, most wise, ingenious Barnet! Henceforth he shall be famous for his *prévoyance*; for who, not blessed with an equal degree of refined sagacity, could ever have contrived, by the perverseness of an incident, to produce such enchanting effects!”

With what difficulty did Honoria controul the smile of approbation, which this genuine effusion of vivacity and joy *almost* irresistibly provoked, but which would have encouraged the rapturous expressions, which she felt the imperative propriety of repelling, by the most

guarded and scrupulous demeanour."

"And Rinaldo," continued Spencer, "was *Barnet* riding him?" Honoria simply replied: "No, *I* rode him as long as he would permit me, but when he heard your bugle, he became unmanageable. He was just kind enough to bear me from the enemy, when he grew so furious, I was obliged to dismount, and he flew in among the combatants."

"And *you* were riding Rinaldo!" repeated Spencer, with a delighted look: "Ah! how little did I think ----" He suddenly checked himself, observing that Honoria looked very grave; and endeavouring to assume a more indifferent tone, he afterwards continued: "When I was advancing on the French party, I was convinced I saw a female flying to our rear, and from thence inferred she was endeavouring to escape; and,



as soon as I had time to recollect myself, after the first onset, and ascertain the strength of the force I had to contend with, I deputed Don Mateo, one of my subalterns, to escort the fair fugitive to a place of safety. I did not see him till the next morning, when I inquired for his charge, who, he informed me, was an officer's wife, that had been taken from ——, but, O Heavens! perhaps he was not mistaken!" cried Spencer, starting up with an aspect of horror; the idea, for the first time, striking him that Honoria might be married!

She knew not how to look, or hardly how to undeceive him; at length she stammered,

"Don Mateo only asserted his own conclusions, which he probably drew from my not having undeceived him."

"But he *was deceived*?" cried Spencer, with breathless eagerness. Honoria bowed assent, and, to change



the subject, immediately said, "But why was I taken for a Spaniard?"

Spencer answered not, but re-seated himself, and was some moments before he could recover: he then begged her to repeat what she had said, when he replied:

"I thought it more likely that a Spanish woman should fall into the hands of the French, than one of my own countrywomen, who are little exposed to such danger; and Don Mateo said, that you had spoken to him in Spanish, though you were so much agitated at the time, as to be scarcely able to articulate. *That*, of course, prevented his discovering, by your accent, that you were not a Spaniard. But," continued Spencer, with revived animation, "had I known that Rinaldo belonged to *you*, my suspicions would instantly have been excited; but he was brought back with several horses that were taken

from the enemy, and I paid no attention to them. But, this morning, having risen at day-break (which has been my custom since I have been a soldier), I went out in order to take a stroll round the vicinity, and examine some defiles not far distant, which I often do *incognito*, passing for an English traveller. But, previous to my quitting the convent, I happened to be crossing a green, in front of a detached building, appropriated as a stable, when something came behind me, and knocked my hat off. I turned round with some surprise, when my face came in contact with a horse's nose. There was but one horse in the world that would presume to take such a *liberty* with me. He began trotting round me, neighing and kicking up his heels, in a manner that dispelled every doubt. I was so delighted, that I actually

threw my arms round his neck, and embraced him."

" But how came Rinaldo there?" asked Honoria.

" I will tell you : my joy, you may suppose, was short-lived. I perceived the scar on his neck, which, together with the manner in which he had fallen into our hands, excited the most melancholy forebodings. I entered the stable, and inquired of one of my men if he knew any particulars respecting Rinaldo ; but he said he only knew that he was a very unruly horse in the stable ; and, there being no regular divisions in the place, he had been obliged to let him out on the green, that he might not kick the others ; for that no one could manage him but a man who had been taken ill, and could not attend on him. I could not resist mounting Rinaldo, and while I was out, it struck me that you might be able to give me

some information respecting him ; and when I sent Marcella to you with my note to that purpose, I was so impatient for the answer, that I awaited it in the anti-room. It so plainly indicated that you still knew something more than you had imparted, that I determined to question you, as I saw that you were walking about, and had recovered from the indisposition you appeared to labour under last night."

Honorina did not desire to hear any allusion to her disorder on that occasion, the source of which she feared must now be too apparent. She arose, indicating, that she thought the interview should now terminate—as she said,

" When may I hope to depart ?"

Spencer assumed a dubious aspect, and, after some hesitation, returned, " I will consider of it. Some contrivance is necessary ; but, if you will

permit me to speak to you again on the subject, I ——”

Honorina interrupted him, observing, “I thought you mentioned last night, that you had devised a ready method, by which I might be restored to my friends! Their uneasiness, when they learn that I am not at Salamanca, will ——”

“Certainly, certainly,” cried Spencer, “*letters* should be sent off immediately.”

“Letters!” repeated Honorina, “I myself may reach them as soon.”

“Impossible! quite impossible! a courier may travel night and day, and contrive to elude the enemy by means which you could not adopt. Letters must be sent off immediately, and I will write to my brother by the same opportunity. But you hurry me away so,” continued Spencer, observing the direction of Honorina’s eyes to-

wards the door, "I have not half explained ——"

"*Half explained!*" mentally repeated Honoria. "No, nor in one single degree have you accounted for the most unintelligible part of your conduct! You have only convinced me that you are still that being, towards whom it is the most difficult thing in nature to maintain an uniform and determined aspect of reserve."

She repeated a very urgent and serious intreaty, to be immediately furnished with the means of departing; to which he appeared to pay great attention, and at length quitted her, again observing, that she had better, at all events, *write* to her sister,

## CHAPTER VIII.

---

Thoughts from the tongue, that slowly part,  
Glance quick as lightning through the heart.

ROKEBY.

---

How was it possible that Honoria *could* write to her sister, while her mind was in such a state of agitation, and her heart throbbing with such tumultuous sensations? She hoped that Ella had hitherto been spared uneasiness on her account, as she had not promised to write to her from Salamanca, where she had only intended remaining four or five days; thus it was possible that her sister might not suspect that any thing untoward had happened, till she was



satisfied of her safety by the accounts which were now to be dispatched. Honoria's thoughts were so unmanageable at this period, that it was out of her power for some time, to fix them steadily on any subject but one ; at length, she re-perused what she had before written to her sister, which brought her ideas a little under subjection ; but after all she could only complete a strange, wild, incoherent epistle, which implied, though not very intelligibly, that the Guerilla Chief had turned out to be Spencer Burlington ; and that under such a *peculiarly distressing* circumstance, she was more anxious than she could express, to escape his protection, notwithstanding she had only as yet recognized in him the character he had appeared to her in the former stages of their acquaintance.

Having acquitted herself of this task, Honoria resigned herself to the

contemplation of her situation. It was one of peculiar delicacy, and demanded the most scrupulous nicety in her conduct towards *him*, who had betrayed, by the excess of joy he had been surprised into on beholding her, symptoms of that tender sentiment she had once before imagined he experienced for her; and though it communicated a joy unspeakable to her heart, and a relief from the sad and mortifying sensations that had so long embittered every hour, yet it augmented the perplexities of the moment. He had talked of writing to his brother; she therefore concluded that he no longer intended estranging himself from his friends; but without a thorough explanation of his former conduct towards herself, and a full and sufficient excuse for it, she never could receive Spencer Burlington on any other footing than that which his connexion with her family rendered

necessary, if they meant to keep on amicable terms with him. Independent of any other consideration, she was sensible, that should he evince more regard for her than friendship justified, while she was so immediately under his protection, she ought to resent it as an offence almost bordering on insult, though what he betrayed without design was not to be considered in so severe a light. In a character so animated as his, joy had an irresistible influence, and elevated the spirits to a degree that must produce unguarded ebullitions; but she felt perfectly confident she might rely on his sense of propriety.

A day or two, perhaps a few hours, might release her from a situation, she persuaded herself she was so anxious to escape; meantime she must conduct herself towards Spencer Burlington, as she would have done towards the Guerrilla Chief. She must

guard her every look, word, and action ; and, while she appeared wholly indifferent to him at the present juncture, prevent his suspecting that she felt he had injured her, or that she cared enough about him to resent his former conduct.

She could not help thinking how particularly well he looked ; vivacity was the charm that lighted up his countenance to such a bright expression. She began to question whether *mustachios* were not becoming ? while she thought how very little the Spanish chieftain resembled that poor, pale, ill-looking man, she had first seen at church, and whom she took such pleasure in abusing in her letter to her sister.

Honorio had never once thought of Chico, till, attracted by the smell of dinner, he came stretching and yawning, from beneath the settee where he had been asleep all the morning. Bar-

net appeared to wait at table ; he said he was quite recovered, and Honoria bade him repair to the Count de L'Arevalo, saying she believed he wished to speak to him. She thought the surprise Barnet would experience might serve all the purposes of electricity ; and, as his faculties appeared to have been dormant of late, it might prove an effectual method of arousing them. But we must do him the justice to say, they were not always in such a state of torpor, his active attentions to his master proved this ! He was an attached and faithful creature, but had, on the late occasion, relied too much on his own sagacity ; and, on discovering his mistake, he became confused, and overwhelmed with a sense of the mischief he had occasioned, and had scarcely yet recovered his dismay. He did not return as Honoria had expected after his interview with the Count, but

Marcella brought a message from the latter, requesting to be permitted to speak to Honoria respecting her departure from thence.

## CHAPTER IX.

---

---

'Twas bustle in the court below,  
 " Mount and march forward ! " forth they go,  
 Steeds neigh and trample all around,  
 Steel rings, spears glimmer, trumpets sound !

WALTER SCOTT.

---

---

HONORIA sighed, as she thought how promptly her request had been acceded to ; for she concluded that Spencer had arranged every thing for her setting off the next morning ; and, as he entered the room, she said she felt obliged by his having so soon devised the means of promoting her design. He looked, what would have been called awkward in any body else, but *could* not be so in him ; and



said (as he took the seat Marcella placed for him) that he hoped the plan he had suggested would meet her approbation; but that it remained for her to determine whether it should be adopted. He had seen Barnet, who declared himself able to undertake the journey, and most anxious to do so; and he proposed sending him off immediately with two guides, by whom he would be directed the shortest and safest way to his destination. That Barnet would carry the letters, and impart every particular to his master and mistress, which they would be so anxious to learn; and assure them, that as soon as the state of the country would permit a lady to travel in safety, they might expect to see her (Honorio).

“ And what is to prevent my going with him?” demanded Honorio with some quickness.

“ A thousand things,” returned

Spencer. “ In the first place, I have this very day received private intelligence that a strong body of the enemy is in the neighbourhood, and you could not possibly travel with safety at this time. Indeed, unless you voluntarily tempt a repetition of what before occurred, you will not venture under any circumstances.—Barnet and his guides will not be objects calculated to excite attention, they might even be suffered to pass by the enemy without being molested, or could seek concealment in places which you could not possibly resort to. But if you prefer Barnet’s remaining with you, I will send some other person ; I only fixed on him, as being better able to satisfy my brother’s anxiety to learn every thing about us. Marcella, you know, has solely to attend on you, and you may retain her with you morning, noon, and night, if you choose it.”

“ But,” said Honoria, maintaining a discontented aspect, “ did not you assure me, yesterday evening, that you would permit an escort of your men to conduct me to the nearest town in the possession of the allies, from whence I——.”

Spencer interrupted her, saying, eagerly, “ I would with the greatest pleasure! you should have my whole corps to guard you, did it depend on me alone! but I dare not weaken my force at such a moment as this, by detaching even a small party. I know not the strength of the enemy that environs us, or how soon we may be called on to oppose it; and were I to suffer you to commence such a perilous journey, I should merit the everlasting malediction of every one who has the least regard for you. I might just as well have suffered the French to have borne you off in triumph, as to permit you to rush

upon the very evil you have so lately escaped."

Spencer bore down every objection to his plan by the weight of his arguments, *or* the *number* of his words; and, on Honoria's inquiring when *then* might she expect to be released from so unpleasant a situation, he replied: "Only try to make yourself comfortable while you are compelled to remain here, and the moment the present alarm has passed over, and I can with propriety absent myself for a few days, *I* will guard you on the way, and see you restored to the arms of your sister. I shall then have an opportunity of once more beholding her and my brother; but how would they receive me!" he added, in a mournful tone, as he cast an interrogating glance on Honoria; she returned, "Your brother is too fondly attached to you, ever to receive you otherwise than you could wish.

But," she continued, " there seems so much uncertainty in this plan, and I may be detained *so* long."

"No, no," he cried, " I have no doubt the enemy will withdraw, or concentrate their forces elsewhere, very shortly. They are probably only passing through the vicinity, and in a few days I dare say we may set off. Now *say*, shall Barnet go?"

" I suppose he must!" returned Honoria, with apparent reluctance; and then said she would add a few lines to her letter. At that moment Chico ran in from the balcony, and jumped into Honoria's lap.

" What a beautiful little dog," cried Spencer. Honoria drove him down, and coloured, as she said, I was going to send him to you, but I quite forgot him."

" O! how very kind!" cried Spencer, his eyes sparkling with pleasure.

“ I should have felt the greatest happiness in receiving him.”

“ You *quite* mistake me,” said Honoria, looking extremely confused ; “ the dog is not mine ; I found him in a starving state, and took care of him from compassion ; have not you some knowledge of him ?”

“ Not the least,” returned Spencer, with an altered air. “ I heard that a dog was brought home by one of the Guerrillas the night of our late *rencontre*, and Marcella since told me *you* had a dog, so I supposed it to be him.”

“ The name on the collar denotes it to be *yours*,” said Honoria.

“ Mine ! I know not how *that* can be ; but how very kind it was of you to take so much care of it.”

“ I knew not *who* it belonged to,” returned Honoria, with precipitation, “ as I was perfectly a stranger to the name.”

Spencer looked at the collar, and seemed suddenly to recollect the circumstances connected with it, and he exclaimed, “ *I do* remember this poor little animal, but I only had him *one* day in my possession. He was given to me some months ago by a—a—person who had decked him with this collar; but he was not a fit dog for me, so I left him with some one to take care of for me.”

The bugle was heard, and Spencer started up, saying, he had not imagined it to be so late. Honoria could not resist asking on what account the bugle sounded. The Count returned, that he was going to visit the out-posts, and the party were preparing to attend him. Honoria felt apprehensive, and said—“ And should the enemy attack the convent while you are absent, what will become of us ?”

Spencer smiled, and assured her there was no danger whatever of an



assault, and that he should probably be back between one and two in the morning, unless their neighbours should afford them a little amusement. Honoria shuddered ; and, fearing her feelings would betray themselves, for she was trembling at the thoughts of the danger he might be exposed to, she begged she might not detain him. Spencer still lingered.

“ But you will keep this dog,” said he, “ you have the best right to him ; won’t you let him be your dog ? ”

“ He may remain with me while I stay here, if you choose it,” said Honoria, and the second bugle sounding, Arevalo precipitately withdrew.

Honoria now most cautiously glanced from the window, taking good care not to be seen : indeed it was so high, and the walls so thick, as to cast a shade, which rendered it difficult to perceive any body at it from below.

The white charger stood ready, and

seemed impatient at his master's unusual delay : but, the next minute, he proudly bore the Chief through the portal, followed by a strong party of the Guerrillas, amounting to more than double the number, that had attended him on the night of his engagement with the chasseurs. Honoria's uncomfortable sensations increased, as she felt convinced there was a necessity for so augmented a guard, and when the heavy gates closed the party, and darkness rapidly enveloped the whole scene, her heart sunk within her, and she felt indeed that she was confined within the gloomy walls of a monastery.

Till that moment she had not been susceptible of this sensation, and probably would not now have experienced it, had the gallant leader remained to guard his fair nun.

She was not sorry when Marcella appeared with lights: she was fol-

lowed by Barnet, still full of wonder and amazement, which he could not resist expressing, with an observation on the extraordinary piece of good luck which had resulted from his having missed the way on the Plains of Salamanca, which *he* could not but think was *fated*, as it had thrown them into the hands of Mr. Burlington. Honoria interrupted his loquacity, by asking him if he was ready to set off? to which he replied in the affirmative, adding, that he had been to a neighbouring village with a Spanish servant of Mr. Burlington's, and had procured guides and mules, which were then in waiting. Honoria hurried him away, having first ascertained that he was charged with a letter for the Major from his brother.

Honoria now, as she fondled Chico, thought of the hesitation with which Spencer had said, a—a—a *person* had given him to him. She believed he

would have said a *female*, but he had recollected himself: Chico certainly was fit only for a fine lady's pet, and Honoria could hardly doubt that he had been a fine lady's property, when he had been transferred to a fine gentleman—a conclusion which did not afford her any great degree of gratification. But this impression was superseded by the recollection of the indifference Spencer had shewn towards the dog, and his anxiety that she should retain it. She had now nothing to do, but examine the books that were lying about; but the greater part of them were on military subjects, a few relative to Spanish history, and Camoens in the original. She opened the latter, but she did not know enough of the Portuguese language to enjoy the poetry, and could not in reality bestow her attention on it; for her mind was in a state of strong anxiety, and too much engaged

by recent events to permit her to detach it from such lively sources of interest. Her eyes oftener reverted to the first page of the book than any other, for on *that* she perceived written, "Spencer, Count de L'Arevalo."

While she is puzzling on this subject, and drawing conclusions much resembling the truth, we may, without referring to the cause which brought Mr. Burlington to Spain, briefly account for his bearing a name, by which he was a stranger to us.

In finding himself in a country where all breathed of war, his first wish was to bear an active part; but to serve in a subordinate situation neither suited his nature nor inclinations: he formed an acquaintance with the present major of his corps, Don Manilla Los Tores, a grandee of great respectability, a firm and active patriot, who was endeavouring to raise a band of Guerrillas of a supe-

rior order, and had partly succeeded; but he was not wealthy, and his finances were at fault. Spencer was no sooner aware of that circumstance, and that the organization of the corps was impeded, than he undertook to be responsible for any sums that were required, only soliciting that he might bear the second commission under Don Manilla. But that the liberal Spaniard would not permit of: it was but just, that *he* who sustained the corps, and voluntarily furnished the grand requisite, and who must continue to supply all its resources, should have the command of it. Indeed, under such circumstances, Don Manilla would have felt it a humiliation to have been placed at the head of this force; but was happy in affording all the assistance in his power to the youthful commander at the commencement of his military career, though he was not such a novice in



the principles of the profession as might be imagined, as he had at one period commanded a yeomanry corps, in which he had taken great delight ; and, as he never could content himself in doing any thing imperfectly, he had really studied the art, and made his regiment a favourite plaything for a considerable time.

The knowledge he had then acquired, now aided by hints from Don Manilla, and the excessive eagerness with which Spencer entered into the cause, soon made him an expert commander ; and experience speedily taught him all he had to learn. He was then known only by the name of Spencer ; for his object was to conceal from his brother where he was, as he could not bear (in his then temper of mind) to have any communication with him. But, soon after, Spencer's gallant conduct, in driving the French from the town of Arevalo,



on which occasion he performed prodigies, drew the attention of the whole country on him and his Guerrillas; and he was rewarded by the existing government with the title of Count de L'Arevalo, which appellation he immediately adopted as a compliment due to those who bestowed it while he remained in the country, and as being peculiarly favourable to his design of concealment. His subsequent conduct immortalized the title that had been conferred on him.

## CHAPTER X.

---

---

Who thundering comes on blackest steed,  
 With slacken'd bit, and hoof of speed ?  
 Beneath the clattering irons sound,  
 The cavern'd echoes wake around,  
 In lash for lash, and bound for bound ;  
 The foam that streaks the courser's side  
 Seems gather'd from the ocean tide :  
 Though weary waves are sunk to rest,  
 There's none within his rider's breast.

GIAOUR.

---

---

MARCELLA spread the evening collation, but Honoria regarded it not ; and, though it was late when she retired to her chamber, she had as little inclination for sleep as she had for her supper. She walked up and down the room without attempting to

undress, convinced she could not rest till the party returned. She listened to every call of the sentinels, denoting that all was well, and watched their heavy footsteps as they crossed the court to their relief; and having placed her lamp in the outer room, she stationed herself at the chamber window. Now and then she observed a Guerrilla, with a lighted torch, passing along the cloister from the convent to the guard-room, which was at the portal; but all had been perfectly still for some time, when she went to the light to look at her watch. It was past one. Again she returned to her post at the window. All was solitary gloom both within and without, and the monastery seemed to have resumed its original aspect. She listened anxiously for the sound of the bugle, which she thought would announce the return of the expected party, and kept her eyes in the direc-

tion of the great gates. At length the horn at the portal was blown, with such a shrill and sudden blast, as made her start and lean eagerly from the window. The guard turned out with precipitation, expecting the Chief, but with almost equal alertness turned in again; and Honoria perceived, by the light of a torch borne by the soldier, who but half opened the gate, one single Guerilla ride in, when the portal was instantly re-closed. The next moment all seemed confusion in the court yard. The sharp call of the bugle resounded from the four sides of the square, and seemed to have aroused every creature both within and without the convent; for she heard the doors of the distant cells clapping, and the sound of voices in various parts of the edifice.

Honoria experienced all that terror and apprehension can inflict, short of

the deprivation of the senses. She ran for her lamp, and hastened as fast as her trembling limbs could carry her through the anti-chamber, and stood at the end of the passage supplicating to be informed what was the matter. But already every cell was vacated; the voices now only sounded from below, and even *there* were not long heard. Silence and desertion reigned within. Honoria receded from the long dark passage, and re-entered her chamber, hoping she should make some one hear her from the window. The clattering of horses' feet issuing with speed from every direction saluted her ear before she could look out, when already she perceived the court full of mounted Guerrillas, perfectly conspicuous by the light of the torches that were flying about in all directions. The noise of the horses' feet made it impossible Honoria's tremulous supplication could be heard.

The major gave the word to march, and preceded the Guerrillas at half speed through the gateway; when again the portal was doubly secured, and total silence reigned within. Honoria clasped her hands in agony; she fell on her knees to pray for him, whose danger was her only thought. Perhaps he was overpowered! Certainly he was *assailed*—powerfully assailed! or he would not require a reinforcement; for that the force which had just departed had been summoned by the Guerrilla she had seen arrive to the assistance of their Chief, she felt perfectly convinced. While enduring all the wretchedness such a persuasion was calculated to excite, she heard a gentle tap at her door. She was incapable of fear on her own account at such a moment; she demanded *who* was there? when the voice of Marcella expressed a hope that the noise had not alarmed her.

Honorina bade her enter, and eagerly demanded an account of what had occurred. Marcella returned, that the Count had sent for a reinforcement, as he had reason to suppose the enemy were much stronger than he had suspected.

“ But are they actually engaged ? ” cried Honorina.

“ All I could learn, Signora, was, that they had fallen in with the advanced guard, which they had taken, and from them gained their intelligence.

“ But, perhaps, it might be false,” said Honorina, ever ready to hope.

“ It is possible, Signora, but I hope not, for there is no fear of the Count not beating them : these things happen sometimes twice or thrice a week, but we never think of being frightened ; but I thought, as you were not so much used to it, the noise might alarm you, Signora ; so I got up, and



came to you as soon as I could. Dear Signora, you look so pale and terrified; indeed, there is no cause at all for it, for I can promise you the Count was never born to be vanquished."

Honorina now became aware that Marcella imputed her apprehensions to the true cause, at which she was both surprised and distressed, and feared Marcella had drawn some conclusions from her repeated interviews with the youthful commander, more flattering to his vanity than her prudence; and she immediately informed her of the connexion that existed between them. Marcella had a quick and lively imagination, and thought nothing more natural than that the fair captive should experience a strong degree of interest for the victor who had so gallantly rescued her. Marcella's husband was not gone out; and she said, that in regard to the Count she never felt any anxiety, though she

was as much interested about him as any body could be; but she was sure that San Fernando had protected him ever since he had first entered the convent; for that he had never even got a scratch, and she was certain nobody could injure him while the saint watched over him.

Honorio wanted Marcella to return to her bed; but she begged to be permitted to remain with her, if *she* had no intention of retiring to rest, which Honorio said she had not. She was not sorry that Marcella persisted in continuing with her, as total solitude under her present circumstances added gloom to her sensations; and though Marcella soon dropped asleep in her chair, still Honorio had the idea that some one was near her, and that was all that she required. Her anxious vigils remained uninterrupted for some hours, and in proportion as

the time advanced her uneasiness increased.

At length the darkness of the sky receded; all but a few of the brightest stars were eclipsed by the improving daylight; and there was a cool, still clearness in the air, free from the inflammatory influence of the sun, which was calculated to revive all nature.

## CHAPTER XI.

---

Ah, no ! for a darker departure is near,  
 The war drum is muffled, and dark is the bier ;  
 His death-bell is tolling ; O Mercy ! dispel  
 Yon sight, that it freezes my spirit to tell !

CAMPBELL.

---

**H**ONORIA, throwing her veil over her, went into the balcony ; and from thence ventured through the door that conducted on the ramparts, in the hope of perceiving the Guerrillas approaching ; but the obscurity was still sufficient to render distant objects indistinct, though she thought she could descry a group of persons on the green not very far off, who seemed to be stationary. But she

could give no direct character to their figures, and she returned to call Marcella to consult her respecting their appearance. Marcella began rubbing her eyes, and staring about her, when Honoria gently shook her, begging she would come and see if the distant objects looked like Guerrillas. Marcella now started up to obey her, as she cried out—"O Santa Maria!" I was dreaming of the Count, and I thought he came back with a gash all across his cheek, and one of his legs shot off. San Fernando preserve him!"

Honoria had taken hold of her arm to hurry her along, but she let her go shuddering with horror. Already had the light rapidly increased, and in a few minutes all was as clear as at noon day, and they plainly perceived two of the Guerrillas bending over another who was prostrate on the turf. A faint cry escaped Honoria!

She clung to Marcella's arm ; her terrors could give but *one* form to the recumbent figure, and she was almost deprived of the power of action. When suddenly she exclaimed, "They may want female assistance ; O ! Marcella, fly."

Marcella flew, but Honoria with her ; they descended a flight of steps, and were in the court, and soon reached the portal ; but were there impeded by the sentinel, who said he could not open it for them, though Marcella explained that there was some one, perhaps the Count himself, desperately wounded, or dying on the green without.

The officer of the guard then appeared—Honoria shrunk back, but was too much overwhelmed with apprehension to dread any comments she might excite ; her veil concealed her agitated countenance, and Marcella was spokeswoman. The officer

said he had peremptory orders not to allow any one to pass the gates, nor to open them on any account, but to re-admit their own party. A sentry at that moment announced from the ramparts, that two of their men were approaching, bearing a third. Honoria retreated a few paces, and sustained herself against one of the stone pillars that supported the cloisters; resolved to hear the worst ere she stirred from the spot. The horn sounded, the wicket was unclosed. Honoria passed her arm round the pillar, and clung to it. The two Guerrillas now slowly advanced, bearing a form concealed by a dragoon's cloak, which was thrown over it. Marcella sprung forward; and, too eager to ask questions, raised the covering that shaded the face, and Honoria beheld the countenance, ghastly in death; but still retaining the strong lines of intrepidity, and inflexible courage, of a



veteran hero, who had died, as he had lived, in the service of his country.

“ Alas! alas! our good Garcías! our poor old comrade!” was echoed from one to the other, while Honoria’s thoughts rose in grateful aspirations to Heaven.

But how had Garcías met his death? and did not the same danger threaten his commander? Desiring Marcella to obtain all the intelligence she could from the men who had brought back the body of their comrade, Honoria hastened to her room, and spent some time in prayer, when her mind became more composed, and she was again ready to hope the best. The information Marcella soon brought, led her further to believe the Count still a conqueror, though the two Guerrillas had not seen him for some time, as they had been left to take charge of several who had been wounded in a partial engagement

with a body of the enemy, whom the Count had routed, and was pursuing. All the wounded had been conveyed to adjacent cabins till they could be conveniently removed, except poor Garcías, who had urgently requested he might be conveyed to the convent, but had expired on the way, even at the moment Honoria had first discerned him on the green.

## CHAPTER XII.

At length he stays where thickening round him  
stand,

The first, the bravest of the martial band :  
Then from on high his speech each hearer warms,  
Swells the big thought, and fires the soul to arms.  
As from steep hills the rushing torrents flow,  
Increas'd with sudden falls of melting snow ;  
So from his lips with swift effusion pours  
Mellifluous eloquence in copious showers.

TASSO.

MARCELLA now tempted her mistress by spreading a comfortable meal before her, and by all the efforts of persuasion to partake of some breakfast ; but Honoria's appetite was at that moment as languid as her interest was lively, and her attentive ear was ever on the watch.

“ Surely ” she cried, at length, “ that was a distant bugle.” In a moment she was again on the rampart, followed by Marcella, and at the extremity of the green she now beheld the long wished-for sight. The Guerrillas were advancing at a full trot, their martial instruments had all struck up a wild, animating, and triumphant strain. Their leader rode forward many paces before them, bearing a standard, which, with his own hands, he had torn from the enemy.

Honorina could not resist waving her veil exultingly in the air, but no sooner had done so, than she flew from the place, dreading that she might have been seen. But Marcella remained behind, almost rivalling the trumpet of victory with her shouts, and waving her handkerchief incessantly. The great gates flew back. The guard received the conquering

chief with triumphant cheers, as he rode in followed by his band of warriors, who at his command formed a circle around him; and Honoria perceived by his animated gestures, looks, and actions, that he was expressing his approbation of their gallant conduct, and valorous exploits. This was immediately answered by cheers that rent the air—first for their leader!—then for their victory—then for England's King! when the sounds died away in the swelling burst of all the instruments, joining in the beautiful hymn so dear to Britons, so calculated to excite the utmost enthusiasm of joy. It required not the notes of this familiar air, heard at such a distance from her country, from her family, under such peculiar circumstances, and with such a scene before her eyes, to overwhelm Honoria with excess of emotion! Her tears burst forth, and streamed irre-

sistibly, but they were tears of delight! She wiped them away; but again they gathered, and again she brushed them from her eyes, to look on the enchanting sight. Could an Englishman hear those strains, and resist denoting every token of respect and veneration? Instinctively the conquering Briton raised his cap from his head, as he sat erect upon his charger. Alas! he then displayed the price of his laurels! a handkerchief was bound round his head, and as he removed the standard to his left hand, to enable him to apply his right to his cap, it became apparent that the arm of the former was slung in his sash, though he compelled the hand to do its duty.

Honorias blood recoiled to her heart, a deadly sickness came over her—she staggered to her bed, and for a few moments knew not where she was. When she arose, the court-

yard was cleared. She took a draught of water, and again left her chamber, and sat down at the breakfast table, though less inclined to eat than ever. Marcella had flown off to greet the conquerors, and Honoria was glad to be alone.

When the first shock was over, she naturally concluded that Spencer's wounds could not be very dangerous, as his complexion had not denoted any symptom of disorder or fatigue, for the flush of triumph had brightened it. She thought, she certainly might be permitted to send to ascertain how far he had suffered, and also to congratulate him on his victory, without any infringement of propriety, or betraying more anxiety than humanity sanctioned. While she was debating how she should word her message, she heard a step cross the anti-chamber, the sound of which considerably quickened her



pulse. A gentle knock at the door followed. "Who is there?" she faintly inquired. The answer was, "A poor unfortunate soldier, who has been out all night, and is almost weary, but who cannot rest till he has ascertained that you are not the worse for the alarm he occasioned you last night."

"I hope *you* have not suffered in any great degree," said Honoria, as she opened the door to him.

"*May* I come in?" said Spencer, as he walked forward, without waiting to be invited, and added, "I have got something for you."

Honoria returned to her seat in some confusion, saying she was glad of an opportunity of congratulating him on his victory, but advised him not to delay taking the repose he must be so much in want of. He took no notice of what she said, but bending one knee before her, laid the standard he had brought with him at

her feet, without saying a single word. Honoria felt overwhelmed with confusion, but wished to take it as an act of gallantry he would have shewn to any other lady in her place. She raised the standard with a look of veneration, and said, it must not be so degraded; adding something about its right to adorn St. Paul's or the Tower; thus endeavouring to hide the impression it excited.

Spencer returned, that she must carry it home with her, and hang it in the hall of Edenvale. Honoria thought, *that* was a curious way of making her a present, but the conclusion that immediately followed did not tend to decrease her perturbation. The same idea probably struck Spencer, for he coloured highly the moment he had spoken, and, turning quickly to the table, said, he had not eaten since dinner-time the preceding day. Honoria could not avoid ask-

ing him to partake of what he saw : he did not require any *importunate* solicitations, but immediately sat down to the table. He had now a long piece of court-plaister across his forehead, and the handkerchief was taken off. His arm was still supported in his sash, and the sleeve of his jacket had been ripped. Honoria said, she was sorry to see he had not escaped unhurt. "I only wish that no one had suffered more," he replied. "This cut on my forehead was merely a slight *coup-de-sabre*; the surgeon has patched it up, and it will be well directly."

"But your arm!" observed Honoria.

"O, there is only a bit of gristle knocked off it by a musket-ball; it is of no kind of consequence."

"But had you not better have a proper sling for it?"

"O, no, that would look like

making a fuss about nothing ; my sash is hardly observed. But I am afraid you were very much disturbed last night."

" I am afraid *you* will make a miserable breakfast, for the coffee is perfectly cold."

" I always drink milk when I can get it, on which account I made a point of taking prisoners the first cows I met with on coming to this neighbourhood. But mind, I was not so much of the true Guerrilla as to seize on them ; I made them good, I assure you, to their owners ; and, as this is the plan I always go upon, and compel my men to pursue, I hope our example may raise the character of this description of soldier."

Marcella soon appeared with some milk, when Honoria bade her remain in attendance ; she did so with some reluctance, looking a little archly ; for though her presence could be no re-

straint on the conversation which she could not comprehend, she chose to fancy *mal-a-propos*, and contrived to retreat to the balcony. Spencer did not appear to notice Marcella's style of manœuvring, though he was aware of it, but seemed busily engaged with his breakfast, and declared he had not relished a meal so much since he had breakfasted at Mrs. Valency's. He dared not look up when these words had escaped him, but emptied his whole bowl of milk, while Honoria had time to recover the effects of his speech, when she endeavoured to lead him into a relation of his late achievements; but he baffled all her attempts to enter on that subject, saying, he hated talking of those things when they were over. But she saw plainly, that his averseness to the topic arose from the impossibility of touching on it, without displaying himself as the hero of the tale. One

thing he was very ready to communicate, which was, that the positions of the enemy rendered it impracticable to traverse the country without being exposed to the greatest peril. Having finished his breakfast, he secured his re-admission in the evening, by requesting Honoria's permission to present to her the Major, Don Manilla Los Tores, as a man whose age, character, and conversation, rendered him a most desirable acquaintance. Honoria was pleased with the proposal; it proved Spencer's anxiety to entertain her, and his respect for appearances; at the same time, that, by bringing a companion with him, he secured himself an interview, which he otherwise might not have obtained. He gave her a description of Don Manilla, that made her anxious to know him; and when Spencer alluded to his first acquaintance with him, she availed herself of the opportunity to

ask him, if the title of Count de L'Arevalo had been conferred on himself by the Spanish government.

“ O ! how much obliged I am by your asking that question,” he cried, “ I have been longing to explain this circumstance to you ; but I was afraid of appearing presumptuous, in supposing that you wished to know any thing about it ; and I concluded you would ascribe it to the charge of my follies and inconsistencies. I hope you did, because then you must have wronged me, and I should be glad that you had wronged me.”

“ Well, well,” cried Honoria, interrupting him, “ but this is no explanation of what I requested to know.”

“ Well, I am coming to the point, but I am always a long time about it.”

“ I shall never dispute that,” *thought* Honoria, while he went on.



“ You must know that I obtained the command of my gallant Guerrillas by the most shabby, mean, common, every-day means that a man ever adopted to place himself at the head of a regiment. Simply by money, money, money—that vulgar commodity, which any addled-brained fellow in the kingdom might have furnished. There was that fine valiant old soldier, Los Tores, who had bled in his country’s cause twenty times before he was as old as I am ; he was born down, kept under, unable to rise for the want of this dirty lucre, which at once supplied the place of all the fine qualities with which he is endowed. I got my rank, at least my *title*, by means not much more creditable ; merely because I rushed into the field of battle with that desperation misnamed courage, which proved that I wished not to escape, and ran my head against every cannon, in

hopes a ball would knock it off; and for this they thought proper to dub me Count of *Arevato*, a place where I behaved like a madman, and by a miracle succeeded; when my rashness, had I failed, would have been universally condemned."

Honorina could easily discern, thro' the disguise of this relation, that munificence and valour had led the young warrior to fame. Who does not love a hero, even when he has nothing but his heroism to recommend him? Spencer Burlington had wanted but *that* to complete the interest he commanded. Yet there were remembrances that made Honorina feel she wanted an excuse for loving him still. She now "loved him for the danger he had passed," and felt justified in doing so. But that was a subject she dared not dwell on, and when he left her, she

resolved to seek some occupation that might detach her thoughts from the theme they were prone to dwelling on continually.

A Spanish dictionary, grammar, &c. she found among the books ; and she put them in requisition, intending to study the language most profoundly ; for, as it was uncertain how long she might be detained in that *very disagreeable* situation, it was incumbent on her, not to permit all that time to escape unimproved ; and she got books, paper, pens, and ink about her, fully resolved to study in earnest, when she recollected that she had omitted noting down, according to her usual custom, passing events ; and such extraordinary ones as had lately occurred, certainly deserved to be recorded. This was a task she found not the least difficulty in performing with alacrity ; her ideas

flowed faster than her pen could register them, and the morning was swiftly consumed in this employment.

## CHAPTER XIII.

---

Now, saide the ladie, draweth toward night,  
 And well I wote that of your later fight,  
 Ye all forewearièd be: for what so strong,  
 But wanting rest will also want of might?  
 The sunne that measures heaven all day long,  
 At night doth baite his steeds the ocean waves  
 emong.

SPENSER.

---

HONORIA arranged her dress with more than usual precision, recollecting she had been promised a visit from *Don Manilla*; and scarcely had she done her dinner, when she looked at her watch, wondering at what hour *Don Manilla* dined, or whether he took that meal with the other officers

who had it served at a much earlier hour than she had her's.

She asked Marcella if *all* the officers dined together. Marcella answered in the negative, adding, that when the Count had been in his own apartments he had always dined there. Honoria expressed a hope, that he was comfortably accommodated. Marcella said, so, so; but he seemed perfectly satisfied. It was not long before he appeared, accompanied by Don Manilla, with whose person Honoria was quite familiar, from having seen him so repeatedly from the window, and having first supposed him to be the Count de L'Arevalo. The introductory compliments having passed, Spencer proposed walking in the gardens, and they descended from the balcony to the delightful wilderness of sweets, which Honoria had not yet traversed. It was in great disorder from neglect,

but fruit and flowers were every where in profusion, and little bowers and picturesque seats were not unfrequent, though greatly exceeded in number by the mutilated remains of stone images, intended to represent saints, and other objects of superstitious veneration. Don Manilla conversed in a very pleasing manner, but only in Spanish or French. The latter Honoria was perfect mistress of, but she begged him to speak his native tongue, as she was anxious to improve in it, and would attempt to answer him, though he must assist her when she was at fault. She understood it well, but could not express herself with so much facility: when she hesitated, Spencer always imagined he knew what she wished to say, and would make long speeches for her; not one word of which she had even imagined. She thanked him for supporting her part in the conversation



so ably; but reminded Don Manilla, that he must allow something for the fertile imagination of her interpreter. Don Manilla was not averse to speaking of the achievements of the preceding night; and from him Honoria gained a most interesting account of their having routed a division of the enemy, and entirely cut them off from the main army, by the generalship of De L'Arevalo, and driven them to a quarter, where they must inevitably fall into the power of the allies.

While this recital was going forward, the Count had lingered at a distance, playing with Chico; when he came up with them, Don Manilla's attention was attracted by the dog; and, after admiring it, he observed to Arevalo, how much it resembled the one Donna Cleora had sent him in a present. Spencer coloured, and turned off to pick a flower; Honoria felt her blood mount

also, but she immediately said ;—  
 “ That dog *is* the Count’s ; it was  
 thrown by accident on my pro-  
 tection.”

“ Indeed !” returned the Major,  
 who began to fear he had said some-  
 thing wrong, by Spencer’s silence on  
 the subject—“ I believe the Count  
 did not take much care of it.” Spencer  
 now gravely said,

“ I beg your pardon ; I took all  
 the care that humanity demanded.  
 I did not wish to have it—at least,  
 it was not a dog fit for me, and I left  
 it with an old servant, whom he was  
 used to, and with whom I supposed  
 he would be perfectly safe, and I had  
 no particular regard for him.”

“ You are very ungrateful,” ob-  
 served Don Manilla, smiling. Spen-  
 cer looked still more annoyed, and  
 Honoria, who wished to appear per-  
 fectly unconcerned, called Chico to  
 caress him ; and then described to

Don Manilla the manner in which she had found him; adding a description of the picturesque abode he seemed attached to; when the Major observed to De L'Arevalo, " That must have been the residence Donna Cleora used so frequently to speak of; but how could the dog have found his way back such an immense distance? I thought you left him at Cadiz."

" So I did," said Spencer; " but the man who took charge of him was going back to that neighbourhood, of which he was a native. I have since often thought, I would send for the dog when I was going to England, as I might find somebody there who would be induced to accept him."

" Your intention may still be fulfilled," observed Honoria, gaily. " I will take charge of him to any body you may wish to send him to."

" He is no longer mine to give,"

said Spencer in English, and looking serious and uncomfortable: " he has found the destination I intended him for; and if he is not acceptable, *you* must find another master for him, for I will never take him again."

Honorina was just going to say " you had better return him to the person that gave him to you," but she checked herself, and said with indifference, " I don't wonder at your wishing to get rid of him; he would be a great trouble to you; I will take him to Ella; she is very fond of dogs."

Then resuming the conversation with Don Manilla, she apologized for having expressed herself in a language he did not comprehend; and added some observation on the predilection of the English for dogs and horses. The Major could easily perceive that something had ruffled the general urbanity of the young com-

mander's disposition ; and one of less penetration than the Spaniard possessed, might have shrewdly guessed the cause. De L'Arevalo had made a point of explaining the connexion that existed between his family and Honoria's, to all who were likely to comment on his attention to her ; but Don Manilla now began to suspect, that the Count would have no objection to strengthen the bond of union that allied them. Spencer remained quite silent for at least a quarter of an hour, when he again ventured some gentle reproaches in regard to Chico. Honoria answered him in Spanish, as she laughing said, she could speak in no better language ; and observed, that his wishing to bestow on another what had been given to him as a token of regard, was quite unprecedented.

“ No,” said Spencer, “ it was given to me by one to whom I was totally

indifferent, so I shall bestow it without compunction."

"And why should not I transfer it to my sister, on the same plea?" returned Honoria, quickly.

Poor Spencer was completely mortified by the full purport of this repartee, which he had so unguardedly brought upon himself, and he did not say another word in support of his cause. Don Manilla could with difficulty resist laughing; he considered this altercation quite in the light of a lover's quarrel; and as he suspected he had made all the mischief by the allusion to Donna Cleora, he thought the best way of remedying it, was to discover that lady's actual situation; and he observed, that they had better settle the dispute by sending the dog to Don Mateo, who could restore it to his *wife*, Donna Cleora. Honoria said, with all her heart; and that heart was in a moment calmed,



for she concluded the dog had only been an offering of politeness on the lady's part to the commander of her husband's corps ; for she recollected that Don Mateo was the officer who had first escorted her to the convent. She now regretted the severity of the retort which had so potent an effect on Spencer, who could not conceal his dejection ; but excused it by saying, he felt a trifling inconvenience from his wounds. This was the first time that he would admit, that they incommoded him in the slightest degree. Honoria suspected a *finesse* to interest her ; but, however, it succeeded, and she immediately proposed returning. Marcella had prepared coffee for them, and while they were partaking of it, Honoria endeavoured to promote a general conversation ; but Spencer could not be excited to join in it : he was completely depressed, but he betrayed no



signs of ill-humour; and when he was interrogated, answered in a conciliating, but melancholy tone.

“ Oh! if he would but be cross and disobliging!” thought Honoria, “ I could torment him with pleasure; but this inflexible sweetness of temper always conquers at last.” She talked to Don Manilla about the Guerrillas; but hardly knew what he said in reply, till he mentioned that it was his turn to visit the outposts that night. Honoria knew that the Count only went every third or fourth night; or when any extraordinary cause called him forth: she had been apprehensive, that the state of the vicinity would have induced him to go out, and was much relieved by what Don Manilla said, till Spencer said, he should change duty with him. Don Manilla immediately reverted to the Count’s wounds, ob-

serving, he would do wrong to irritate them by exertion.

Spencer said he should feel much more pleasure in doing his duty than in vainly seeking repose. " Besides," he added, " you are a married man, Los Tores. Your fall would leave a vacuum in society, and cause some hearts to bleed. I am an unregarded individual, whose death would not excite a tear. I feel pleasure in exposing my life because it is unblest, and cheerless."

Don Manilla knew very well this speech was not intended for him. *She* for whom it *was* intended, had become more and more uneasy, from the moment Spencer had declared his intention of going out; she could not doubt that he was actuated by the temper of mind she had thrown him into, and thus she would be the cause of his exposing the life she would have died to save. A sergeant at that

moment requested to speak to the Major, and Honoria seized the opportunity of saying to Spencer:—

“ I hope you were not in earnest when you talked of going out to night? I do not see how *any body* can be justified in unnecessarily exposing *their* lives! Of course *every* body has *some one* who cares for them; you seem quite to have forgotten your brother!”

“ No!” returned Spencer, a slight cast of archness, tempering his serious aspect—“ I have not forgotten my brother, nor any body that ever cared for me, or that cares for me no longer! and I am perfectly convinced that your only reason for not wishing me to go to night, is because you are afraid your conscience should be burdened with any misfortune that might happen to me.”

“ *My* conscience!” echoed Honoria, much confused; “ I have done nothing to ——”

“ Yes, you have,” interrupted Spencer.

“ How ! of what am I accused ?”

“ You would not have Chico, and said such cruel things about it.”

“ Ridiculous !” cried Honoria ; “ but I am glad you have only been in jest all this time, and do not leave the convent unprotected.”

“ I certainly shall not leave the convent unprotected ; but I was never less in jest in my life, and shall positively go out to-night, unless you absolutely command me not.”

“ *Command,*” repeated Honoria, “ no one can order *you*, who are sole commandant here.”

“ I *wish* I was,” said Spencer, at length smiling ; I would not permit such rebellion in my garrison, such right-down mutiny, and contempt of my person.”

“ Oh horrible !” cried Honoria, gaily ; “ have your prisoners revolt-

ed? why don't you throw them into irons?"

"Because they have long since thrown me into chains," promptly returned Spencer, with all his native vivacity. Honoria was glad to hear Don Manilla's step returning, and she quickly rejoined, "Then there *can* be no danger of your leaving the convent to-night."

"Must not I?" he gently asked. She pronounced a half-reluctant no, with averted face; and Don Manilla found his companions much more agreeable for the remainder of the evening; nor was he at all surprised to find, that the Count had given up all idea of going out with the Guerillas that night.

Honoria slept peacefully, nay delightfully; she felt perfectly secure, perfectly happy: she did not take the trouble to define the cause, why within the melancholy walls of a con-

vent, remote from her country and relations, she experienced a sensation of serenity and joy she had been long a stranger to: she felt blessed and at rest, in the consciousness of which she enjoyed slumbers pure and undisturbed.

## CHAPTER XIV.



Sweet is the mead that waits his laurel'd bier ;  
 'Tis valour's hope ; 'tis honour's praise sincere ;  
 'Tis friendship's sigh, and gentle beauty's tear !

SHERIDAN.



THE next day Honoria witnessed from her window the preparations for the interment of poor Garcias. It was a pleasingly solemn and highly-interesting sight. From the balcony she commanded a view of the cemetery, which was only divided from the garden by a wall, and from thence she beheld the last honours paid to the remains of the old soldier. The Major, Los Tores, as being of the same faith, read the service on the occasion ; for in those troublous times no



holy man could be found to officiate, or “shrine the sinner in his dying hour.”

De L'Arevalo was present, and all his Guerrillas—the whole producing one of those scenes which cast an indelible reflection on the mirror of the mind. Honoria thought of it the whole morning, which she spent entirely alone.

Spencer was engaged with military business, but he had not neglected to send early to inquire after her. She hardly thought he would permit the day to pass without finding some excuse for entering her presence; and she very seriously debated with herself how far she was justified in permitting him this indulgence, or how she could well refuse it; however, she felt satisfied in keeping Marcella constantly with her; thus she thought, if she should be *intruded* on, she should avoid a tête-a-tête.

Not long after dinner the expected tap was heard at the door, and the well-known voice requested to know if *Marcella* were within. Marcella immediately gave admission; when Spencer entered with an apology, saying, he had in vain enquired for Marcella, by whom he wished to send a petition, to be allowed to pay his respects for a few minutes—"but I am afraid I intrude," he added, observing Honoria had her books about her, and appeared to be studying. "No," she returned, "*a few minutes* I can afford to spare." He sat down: and Honoria began talking of the Spanish language, and her efforts to attain it. Spencer said he had devoted much of his time to it since he had been in the country, and he believed had a pretty accurate knowledge of it; and if she would permit him to be her instructor, he thought she would get on much faster than by her own unas-

sisted exertions. Honoria was a little at a loss how to reply ; but, recollecting herself, observed, that the very short time she should remain under his tuition would render it useless to commence. He shook his head and smiled, as much as to say, “ that is only an excuse ; ” but he did not press the point. He soon after said, “ I don’t know how to forgive myself for having so long neglected to tell you what I know will give you so much pleasure. It is, that I heard from your neighbourhood only three days before I saw you ; and, at the date of my letter, Mrs. Valency was perfectly well.”

“ Thank God,” cried Honoria, with fervour ; “ but why did not you tell me this before ? I have not heard of her since I have been abroad, and I would give any thing to see a stroke of her pen.”

“ Why, I took it for granted that

you must have heard from her, and perhaps at as late a date. But I was thinking this morning that you had not mentioned having heard so recently, and I determined to impart my intelligence from that interesting quarter."

"And did you hear any thing of my poor uncle?"

"O yes, he is much better; William said he had given him his arm round the garden several times."

"How glad I am! this is indeed delightful intelligence! but, *William*,—what William do you mean?"

"William Irby, the best fellow in existence! my very dearest friend!"

"*William Irby!*" repeated Honoria, with some surprise; then added, "he is, I believe, a very excellent young man; was it from him you heard?"

"Yes: he has been a correspond-

ent of mine ever since I left England. The most unlimited confidence exists between us. Did not my brother frequently hear of me through him?"

"Once or twice, I believe," said Honoria, thoughtfully; for she was pondering on the strangeness of this declaration. Unlimited confidence existed between him and William Irby, yet to his own brother he had been impenetrably mysterious!"

Spencer rejoined, "When you see him again, he will shew you my letters, if you will condescend to read them for *my* satisfaction; not that I dare flatter myself you will feel any interest in their contents, but they may induce you to acquit me of inconsistency."

Both were for a few moments silent, but Honoria felt the pause awkward, and said, but without any severity, "Is not such a privilege more due to

your poor brother, who has suffered so much from your want of confidence in him?"

"I am fully sensible to whom it is *most* due," said Spencer, with emphasis; "Edgar cannot fail to acquit me when he becomes aware that my conduct towards him sprung solely from affection."

The subject was now assuming rather too decided a cast. It was evident to Honoria, that Spencer did not wish to be entirely explicit on the present occasion, nor could she desire it under such peculiar circumstances. In order to give a turn to the discourse, she asked if William Irby had mentioned that her sister and self were gone abroad?

"He said you were gone to Lisbon to meet my brother; that Mrs. Valency had heard from you on the eve of embarkation. William tells me," continued Spencer, "that he is about

to change his situation: he has done a very wise, but *I* should think a very difficult thing."

"What is that?"

"He has formed a *second* attachment."

"Indeed! I am sorry to hear *that*; he appeared to me to be partial to Miss Melville. I shall not forgive him for changing so soon."

"He has not changed in regard to her; for it is to Miss Melville that he is now attached, though not quite so romantically as he was in a former case. But he seems confident of being very happy; and I dare say he will, for he has got *accustomed* to Miss Melville. You know it always fell to his lot to escort her, when other people were occupied with each other. They seemed the only two *stray* ones; so they very naturally joined, as a matter of *necessity*, in the first instance. Then, when we were all scattered in



miserable absence, these two still were left together, and so have at length become essential to each other: and such is the rise, progress, and result, of an attachment, which I term purely *accidental*."

Honorina smiled at what she could not help admitting to be a very just representation; but observed, she had never heard that William Irby had been romantically attached to any one. She said true, for he had never told his love, at least to *her*.

"O fie!" cried Spencer, "does not your conscience smite you?"

"No, indeed!" said Honorina; "but if you mean me, I assure you you are mistaken. It was the amiable Jonathan that was my admirer; I cannot possibly relinquish the glory of such a flattering conquest."

"O the wretch!" cried Spencer, "I never shall forget him at the play that night. The swine! how he snored!

Don't you recollect one of the actors stopping in the midst of a very pathetic speech, and calling to some one behind the scenes to drive the pigs out of the green-room?"

"I cannot say I recollect *that*," returned Honoria, laughing. And the sweet smile of approbation still illumined her countenance, as she thought she beheld in Spencer Burlington that delightful compound of "common sense with uncommon nonsense," so essential to make a perfectly agreeable companion. How just is Mr. Cumberland's observation: "It is tiresome listening to the nonsense of those who can talk nothing else; but nonsense talked by men of wit and understanding, in the hour of relaxation, is the very finest essence of conviviality, and a treat delicious to those who have the sense to comprehend it."

## CHAPTER XV.

Shall song its witching cadence roll?  
 Yea, e'en the tenderest air repeat,  
 That breath'd when soul was knit to soul,  
 And heart to heart responsive beat.

CAMPBELL.

**M**ARCELLA interrupted a most pleasant conversation by a proposal to bring coffee, when Spencer rose with a sigh, but still lingered, and perceiving his flute, took it up, saying, "This must beguile some of my tedious time," then resting against the slab, he took the flute to pieces, minutely examining every part of it over and over again. Honoria observed that there were materials for drawing,

which he had better have removed. "I thought you would perhaps make use of them," said he, "and my room is so dark and gloomy, I could not see to draw there, if I had time."

Honorina expressed her regret at the inconvenience she had put him to. He was shocked at the suggestion, and candidly owned, he had only made the observation respecting his room, as a preliminary to a request that she would permit him to play his flute for half an hour in the balcony.

"Most certainly," she replied, with a kindly smile, and as he commenced his strains of melody she returned to her books with which she appeared to be busily employed, though in reality her whole attention, was bestowed on the familiar airs he was playing with such exquisite taste, selecting all her old favourites, which were associated with ideas that could not fail to attend them. She leant on her hand,

which shaded her face, as she seemed pouring over her book, but the genuine satisfaction she experienced came all from another source. The coffee grew cold, and she forgot it was beside her, till Marcella asked if she should take some to the Count. Honoria answered in the affirmative, but bade her not interrupt him till he had finished that air. When he had concluded, he expressed a hope that he did not disturb her studies.

“ O no, indeed !” she returned, “ I am very much delighted ; I am enjoying all the pleasures of music and poetry at the same time.”

“ May I ask what you are reading ?”

“ I am trying to make out Camoens.”

“ O, charming Camoens,” exclaimed Spencer, and immediately warbled one of those sweet airs which have added celebrity to many of that Author’s stanzas. Spencer’s voice was

not strong, it formed a delightful second, but as a first had only sweetness and melody to recommend it. Honoria fancied it had gained some exquisite tones, but no comments succeeded the song, and a silence of some minutes ensued, when Spencer asked if she was tired of his noise? A simple negative induced him to resume his flute, and he continued playing till he perceived Marcella had brought lights into the apartment, when he entered from the balcony expressing his obligation to Honoria for the indulgence she had permitted him, and added a hope that he had not presumed too long; “but I am going this moment,” he continued, taking up the book of poems she had just closed.—“Can you comprehend them,” said he, as he turned over the leaves.

“Very imperfectly,” Honoria replied, and he observed :



“ O here is the one Lord Strangford translates.”

“ I never close my languid eye  
Unless to dream of thee ;  
My every breath is but the sigh,  
My every ——”

“ Yes, yes, I recollect,” cried Honoria, interrupting him, and holding out her hand for the book. He smiled half reproachfully as he gave it her, and again made an effort to depart.

“ You have left your flute,” said Honoria.

“ O, I forgot it,” he returned, but made no attempt to take it with him. As he wished her good night, he looked for a moment irresolute, and then held out his hand. She was confused, and seemed to hesitate if she should take it, when he instantly withdrew the rejected pledge, saying in a melancholy tone ; “ I am not yet deemed worthy of such a token of amity.



You have not shaken hands with me since we met."

"Have not I?" said Honoria, as if regardless of the circumstance. "You certainly are entitled to that mark of friendship for all that I owe you since I have been within these walls."

She presented him her hand, which he firmly pressed between his, and fervently whispering—"God bless thee!" he hastily withdrew.

"This will not do!" thought Honoria, as she was retiring to rest: "music is the food of love, and poetry is very wholesome nourishment for it! I am afraid I am not quite right."

However, after arguing the point a long time, she thought she might acquit herself of imprudence, and that she could not well have acted otherwise than she had done. Besides, Spencer had said enough to prove that he *intended* to explain himself *some time or other*, and she was ready

to believe, this long protracted explanation would be of such a nature as to justify her affection for him, and convince her, it had ever been reciprocal.

## CHAPTER XVI.

---

---

Et l'on ne sauroit voir, sans en être piqué  
Possédé par un autre, un cœur qu'on a manque.

MOLIERE.

---

---

**H**ONORIA rose early the next morning, and walked out on the ramparts, where she took several turns, enjoying the morning breeze. She was looking down into the court, examining its monastic appearance, with the surrounding structure, when she observed a sort of sallyport, which had been contrived as a private way of gaining the outside of the walls. While she was still regarding it, it was unlocked from without, and she beheld Mr. Burlington enter. There was

nothing surprising in that circumstance, as he probably had been taking his morning ramble ; but the wonder consisted in his being accompanied by a *lady*, for whom he held the door open, and when he had re-locked it, she familiarly took his arm. She was veiled, but Honoria could perceive by her gestures and the display of Spencer's white teeth, that they were laughing, and conversing with great glee. She seemed to wish to cross the court, but her conductor cast a glance towards Honoria's window, and then led his fair charge by a direction that was not in view of it, and which led to the interior of the edifice. Within the short space of a few moments Honoria's feelings underwent a complete revolution. *Who* was this female whom the Count was conducting thus privately into the convent, at an hour when he probably supposed she might pass unobserved

by any one, whose strictures he might dread? It was evident they were on an intimate footing, and that she was no stranger to the convent, as she seemed to know the way. What was the character of the man, on whose protection she (Honorina) was thrown? (Never before had she admitted that question). And what was the nature of that regard he had presumed to betray for her? and which she had believed so refined, so respectful? Was he a second time only amusing himself at her expense, and endeavouring to excite her to betray an attachment for him, by an insidious display of emotions he was a stranger to? But, a *second* time! *who* then was most to blame? Honorina was wretched! She persuaded herself her conduct had been most imprudent, nay wholly inexcusable! and that she ought to have behaved towards the man, by whose caprice and inconsis-

tency she had before so severely suffered, with a rigorous and unbending formality, that would have prevented the possibility of a recurrence of such bitter mortification.

Such was the train of reflexions that accompanied Honoria back to her apartments, which she had quitted in such a happy, placid, state of mind; and at that moment, would have given any thing she had never entered them, and resolved to run all hazards rather than remain in them another night. And all this, because she had seen the Guerrilla Chief with a lady hanging on his arm. *Who* she was? *what* she was? or *where* she came from? were enigmas! but Honoria's *conclusions* solved them all, and excited sensations as painful as she could have endured, had the justice of her surmises been perfectly established.

Marcella was late with her breakfast, but Honoria did not observe it,

and her feelings were still in a state of violent fermentation, she could with difficulty conceal, when Marcella at length appeared. She also seemed much out of humour, but apologized for being so late, saying she had been so hurried, and had had so much to do, that she had been compelled to neglect the Signora, which hurt her more than any thing—and she did not want to wait on any body else. This declaration excited a suspicion in Honoria that her attendant had been waiting on the female she had seen, but she had no occasion to make inquiries, as Marcella, unquestioned, continued :

“ Don Mateo’s wife is arrived this morning—foolish woman! coming at such a time.”

“ *What, Donna Cleora?*” interrupted Honoria, “ where did she come from? and how could she get here?”



“ O, this is not the first time she has been here.”

“ But how could she traverse the country unmolested ?”

“ Why in a way that no other female would like, I am sure. She disguises herself like one of the muleteers who accompany her, and comes to see her husband whenever the freak takes her. She stops at some cabin near, and changes her dress, and then walks on here without letting any body know she is coming, because she is certain her husband would tell her she had better stay away. She has travelled all night. The Count met her this morning as he was walking, and conducted her in, for I saw them enter through the sallyport.”

“ Perhaps he expected her, and went to meet her ?” observed Honoria.

“ *No.* I am *quite* sure he did not,” exclaimed Marcella vehemently, “ for he is not so fond of her.”

“ Has she been long married ? ”

“ Only two or three months. She is Portuguese, but happened to be at Cadiz with some friends, when she saw the Count at a ball, and fell violently in love with him, and made such a fuss about him that——”

“ *Count ?* ” repeated Honoria, interrupting her, “ is her husband a *Count ?* ”

“ No, no, Signora, not her *husband* ! I mean *our Count*, Arevalo ! She was a great deal fonder of him than ever she was of her husband, or I am very much mistaken. *She* sent him that dog, Signora, but he would not take the *hint*, so she encouraged Don Mateo in hopes of exciting *our Count*’s jealousy ; but all would not do, though she is very handsome, which Don Mateo was not so insensible of, for *he* fell really in love with her, and as she could make nothing of the Count, I suppose she thought she might as

well have *poor* Mateo, for they were married."

" But, no doubt, she is very much attached to him now, as she comes so often to see him !"

" Indeed I don't know ! She is a very foolish woman *I* think, and a very cross one. She *pretended* to be all smiles and good humour, when the Count conducted her to her husband, but the moment he left the room, she flew into a passion, because she could not be so comfortably accommodated as when she was here before, for she used to sit in this room all day, and I am sure it was turning the Count completely out ; it was *not*, as it is *now*, for he never came into it but when Don Mateo was present."

Honorina had not now to learn that Marcella was a person of shrewd observation, and it was evident, she was taking pains to convince her of the Count's indifference to Donna Cleora,

which Honoria was perfectly inclined to give full credit to. She began to reproach herself severely for having harboured suspicions so injurious to *him*; whom she delighted to think worthy of her warmest approbation; but she felt herself still placed in a most awkward situation. If Donna Cleora was a description of person she could with propriety make a companion of, her presence at the convent would be peculiarly desirable; but as she did not feel perfectly confident of her respectability, and had a strong aversion to the idea of having any communication with her, she was much more inclined to regret her arrival, than rejoice at it. Were there were only *two* ladies, that they should avoid all intercourse, must certainly cast a reflexion on one or the other; and the more Honoria thought of Donna Cleora, the more did she wish she had remained at a distance. Mar-

cella's dislike of her did not seem entirely free from prejudice, as it appeared to be in a great measure excited by the trouble Donna Cleora had given her, and the little compunction she had shewn on the occasion.

## CHAPTER XVII.

---

Her face was of that doubtful kind,  
That wins the eye, but not the mind ?  
Yet hard it seem'd to deem amiss  
Of brow so young and smooth as this.

ROKEBY.

---

**T**HE Guerrillas were out during the whole morning scouring the environs, and Honoria thought she would take that opportunity of paying Rinaldo a visit, and she requested Marcella to shew her the way to the place where he was kept. Marcella made a plea of having been appointed to attend on Honoria to escape from waiting much on Donna Cleora, whom she was not very scrupulous of neglecting, as she was certain of the Count's approba-

tion by devoting herself to Honoria. She conducted her to the green where Rinaldo was grazing, and where she amused herself for some time with him. As they were returning they encountered Donna Cleora, who was loitering up and down a cloister they were obliged to traverse. A most rapturous meeting ensued between Chico and his original mistress, whom he immediately recognized, and testified great joy on the occasion. But there were no bounds to the lady's delight, nor any expression of endearment that she did not bestow on him.

Honoria was passing calmly by, without looking at her, as she believed half this excess of rapture was assumed to attract her observation, when she heard her cry out to Marcella.

“ O how kind the Count is to take such care of my old favourite, and to have him brought from such a distance



tō him. I thought he *would*, when I reproached him for having left him behind, last time I was here. Dear little fellow! come with me,—come with me.”—She repeated pettishly, for, after his first joy had subsided, Chico was going to follow his old, or rather his *new* mistress. And when Donna Cleora would have taken him up he ran on dropping his tail and looking fearfully. However, she seized him, and Marcella said, “He will not stay long with *you* Donna Cleora; he would not leave his mistress for any body.”

“*Mistress*,” she repeated with asperity—but seemed suddenly to recollect herself, and assuming a complaisant air, she addressed Honoria, begging to know if the dog belonged to her? Honoria returned, she believed the collar denoted *who* the dog belonged to; *she* offered no claim to it. She then passed on in a manner

that precluded any further discourse, and Donna Cleora carried off poor Chico, though he made many efforts to escape her.

Honorina was provoked at this incident ; she did not like to see her favourite, taken away from her with so little ceremony, and her dislike of Donna Cleora was considerably increased. Marcella abused her very heartily, and said, she wondered how the Signora could suffer her to carry off the dog in that impudent manner ; but she knew very well the Count would not permit her to retain it, for he should hear of it, she was determined. Honorina charged her not to mention it, and begged she would say no more on the subject.

After dinner Spencer came to pay his respects to her ; he brought Chico back in his arms.

“ Have you turned off this poor little fellow ? ” said he.

“ No,” returned Honoria ; “ he found out his old mistress.”

“ He has soon grown tired of her then, for I heard him whining to come out as I passed the door ; so I gently opened it a little to favour his escape, and beg leave to return him to his owner. You are then aware,” continued Spencer, “ that a new sister is come to take the veil, or rather enter on her noviciate ; but as *you* are the lady abbess, you must determine whether you choose to admit her into your community.”

“ And pray upon what pretext can a youthful Guerrilla Chief contrive to gain access to our holy sisterhood ?” said Honoria, laughing.

“ O, I am not to be considered as the Guerrilla Chief, but as the reverend father Confessor, so be cautious what sins you commit, for you must tell them all to me, and I shall inflict a most unmerciful penance, unless you

take extraordinary pains to secure my favour."

" Well, then, since you are father confessor, no doubt the heart of this new sister has been perfectly revealed to you, and you therefore must know best, whether she is meet to enter my community."

Spencer coloured, but laughed off his confusion, and then added, more seriously, and speaking candidly :

" She is not a woman that can afford you any entertainment as a companion! You would not be half an hour in her company without discovering that she was a vain, giddy, trifling creature, who, for charity's sake, we will admit has no harm in her, but in whom you will perceive nothing but a handsome face to excite interest."

" Your description does not make me very anxious to know more of her."

“ And yet she has already been importuning me to introduce her to you, and how to avoid it I know not, unless you absolutely forbid it. She is capable of making malevolent observations, notwithstanding the credit I gave her of being harmless, but I never heard any thing against her reputation, and her husband seems perfectly satisfied of her prudence; so, under all these circumstances, on what plea can you decline a visit from her?”

Honorina looked discontented, but said, “ She hardly knew herself!” In short they agreed, that it could not be avoided, and that Donna Cleora must be admitted as a *visitor*, though there was no occasion for ever receiving her as an *intimate*; and it was Spencer’s nice sense of propriety that prompted him to recommend this. He was sensible, that if Honorina admitted him, and excused herself from

receiving one of her own sex, some impertinent comments might be made on it, which would have the appearance of justice to support them.

Honorina was, therefore, destined to accept a visit from Donna Cleora on that evening; and Don Mateo, and the Major Los Torres, augmented the party; and the Count, as usual, was the life and spirit of it. When sanctioned by the presence of so many other persons, his attentions to Honorina were less guarded, and the assiduity of a lover betrayed itself continually. Donna Cleora's intention of making herself extremely agreeable was completely frustrated; for, though she had at no time commanded the Count's peculiar consideration, and was now in a situation which should have made her wholly indifferent to it, she could not behold it manifested towards another with perfect evenness of temper. She had no idea of



injuring her husband ; but, with the levity prevalent among her countrywomen, she thought she might indulge her vanity by receiving the homage of another, without being at all reprehensible. However, the Count never put her prudence to the test, nor awakened the jealousy of her husband, who imputed all his wife's follies to exuberance of spirits, and the caprice perfectly natural, and very becoming in a beauty. Honoria conducted herself towards her with *rigorous* politeness, never once deviating into familiarity, for she felt no congeniality towards her, and rather *suffered* than *received* her visit. Donna Cleora was entirely disposed to disapprove of the fair Englishwoman, and only wondered how the Count, who was so lively and brilliant himself, could be fascinated by one so reserved, so frigid, so perfectly mistress of every thing she said and did. The



ardent Portuguese understood nothing of the science of self-command, and thought Honoria could not feel, because she did not betray, by her unguarded manner, the nature of her sensations. She was not aware, that, in a well-regulated mind, the more lively the emotions, the less they discover themselves, because their very vehemence excites distrust, and a dread of detection, which alarms vigilance, and keeps self-controul in constant exercise.

Donna Cleora was not surprised to find Chico in those apartments, which she concluded he had repaired to from custom; and she did not infer, from that circumstance, that a transfer had been made of him, which, had she been aware of it, would have excited her warmest indignation.

Honoria was astonished to observe Spencer looking at his watch, but he instantly accounted for it, by saying :

“ We go out early to-night, and I was counting how many minutes more I might indulge myself.”

“ Are *you* going ?” asked Honoria, “ I thought I heard Don Manilla say something about being on duty.”

“ We shall *both* go to-night.”

“ Why ? is there any extraordinary cause for it ?”

Spencer laughed off the question by returning, “ I am sometimes subject to sudden qualms and tremblings, when I come in contact with the enemy, so I take Los Tores with me to spirit me on, if I should attempt to run away.”

Don Manilla heard him, and said, “ Rather say, to draw you back, which I have often attempted, but never yet succeeded in.”

“ Very true ; because, when I am wrought up to a certain point of desperation, I plunge forward for fear

I should be tempted to run in an opposite direction."

Honorina was now on the alarm; she persuaded herself there was some unusual danger to be apprehended, and she became thoughtful and uneasy, and was glad when the departure of Donna Cleora dispersed the party, for she could no longer enjoy society; and having seen a strong division of the Guerrillas, with their leader, quit the convent, she felt fully prepared for another night of watchfulness.

The communications she gained from Marcella, previous to dismissing her for the night, did not tend to diminish her anxiety. She said she had learnt from her husband, that intelligence had been gained of a considerable body of the enemy being on its march through that vicinity, and the Count was apprehensive of the outposts being attacked.

"And *why* not the *convent*?" said

Honorina, with terror in her looks. Marcella laughing, returned,—“ We have plenty left to defend us if it should, Signora, but there is no fear of that; and besides, we are fortified and could stand a good seige.”

“ Heaven forbid we should be put to the trial!” ejaculated Honorina. She felt by no means so confident on the subject as did Marcella, and this apprehension was added to the anxiety she endured, respecting the absent party. Indeed, had the Count but been within the walls, she would have felt in greater security, than with a whole host to guard her.

She continued pacing the room till near midnight, when she began to blame herself for encouraging her fears, and thought she would lie down in her clothes and endeavour to drop asleep. Her foot was on the threshold of her chamber, when the thundering report of one of the cannon on the ram-

parts, caused her to spring back to the very centre of the apartment, with terror and surprise, while the lengthened reverberation rumbling through the adjacent mountains seemed communicated to her frame. The noise from being so near was almost deafening, independent of the relative alarm it must excite at such an hour, and under such circumstances. She had not recovered her breath, or the natural hue of her complexion, when a *second* report, made her every nerve vibrate, and the cold drops fall from her fingers ends. Expecting a continuation of these dreadful sounds, she now pressed her hands on her ears, while she attempted to rally her scared senses, and think of what she ought to do. A *third* time the bursting roar shook the edifice, when all was quiet for the space of several minutes. Honoria had recovered herself sufficiently to think of going to seek Marcella,

when the latter ran into the room half dressed, crying out to her not to be alarmed.

“ O Signora,” she continued, “ don’t tell the Count ! O pray don’t ! for he will never forgive me. He left word with me to tell you that if the cannon were fired you were not to be frightened, for they were going to clean some of them which they had not time to—”

Honorina interrupted her, repeating, “ *Clean* some of them, at twelve o’clock at night, Marcella ; O I am terrified to death. I am sure something extraordinary is the matter. Here take my shawl about you, and go to the guard room and inquire what it is.”

“ Indeed, Signora, it is nothing but what I tell you. Donna Cleora came flying to me frightened out of her senses, but when I told her what the Count had said, she was satisfied, and went to bed again. Dear Signora,

you may be quite certain what I tell you is true, but I entirely forgot the Count's message till the noise of the cannon awoke me."

"I cannot be satisfied, Marcella; it is so very improbable that they should take such a time to clean the guns, or that *he* should permit it, knowing how it must disturb us. And hark!—the sentinels are challenging continually, and their cry is not the same as usual; they say something else, though I cannot make out what. I am persuaded some one is beneath the walls, or an attack is apprehended."

"Well Signora, I will go and gain all the intelligence I can, but your fears are quite groundless I am sure."



## CHAPTER XVIII.

---

Listening she runs,—above the waving tress,  
Tumultuous voices swell the passing breeze:  
The war-cry rises, thundering hoofs around,  
Wake the dark echoes of the trembling ground.

LORD BYRON.

---

MARCELLA soon returned, with a confirmation of what she had before asserted. Still Honoria felt by no means satisfied, and though she insisted on Marcella returning to her bed, she herself, was less disposed than ever to seek repose, for her nerves were completely on the stretch, and she remained on the *qui vive*, fearfully alive to every sound.

The original cause of her dismay

was not repeated, and she tried to believe that there had not been any extraordinary reason for it. She went frequently into the balcony, and once she ventured to open the door that led to the ramparts. All there, appeared quiet again. The night was extremely warm, and the sky clear and light with the brilliancy of the stars, though there was no moon. She sat for some time in the balcony, looking on the garden beneath: no one could gain access to it, as the key of the doors which led to it was hung up in her apartment, and she felt in perfect security on that account. It was half-past one o'clock, and she began to hope she might expect the return of the Guerrillas, if nothing particular had occurred. She hung over the balcony listening attentively, thinking she might catch the distant tread of horses feet, when she recollected having heard that by resting the

point of a sword to the earth, and applying your ear to the hilt, it was possible to ascertain the approach of cavalry from a considerable distance. Whether it was really the case she knew not, but she determined to make the experiment. In the apartment was a case containing a splendid sword of De L'Arevalo's, which had been presented to him by the corps, but which was too gaudy and richly ornamented to be a favourite in the field. Honoria ventured to take it from its envelope, and drawing it from the glittering scabbard, scarcely less brilliant than the shining blade, she descended with it to the garden, fancying herself highly distinguished by bearing this trophy of the gallant Spencer's honours, this badge of heroism ! which she regarded with profound veneration. She repaired to the extremity of the garden, conceiving that sound would there be less ob-

structed, and she had nearly gained the margin of the river, when she tried the experiment. The rippling of the water, and rustling of the breeze in the foliage adjacent, confused her hearing; but while in the act of listening, she plainly distinguished the splashing of oars very near. In some apprehension, she cast her eyes on the stream, and the next moment perceived a boat on it.

She was startled! but an instant's thought persuaded her, it was only occupied by fishermen, and would pass on. She shrunk behind an arbour, fearing her white dress would render her figure perceptible, but she watched the progress of the boat through the branches, and observed it make to a small creek at the end of the garden, and immediately, a man enveloped in a long dark cloak jumped on shore.

Honorias's terror was so great, as to

render her incapable of deciding whether she ought to fly, or remain stationary. Surely this was some enemy, who in disguise was endeavouring to gain access to the interior of the convent! perhaps an assassin! he looked like one! who meditated the destruction of the renowned hero, he might expect to find within those walls.

The reflection of a moment persuaded Honoria she ought, if possible, to give the alarm before this being could reach the edifice, and she ran with velocity along a parallel path to that he was pursuing, and she trusted, as it was partly shaded by trees, she might escape unperceived.

She looked round as she was flying, in an agony of fear, lest she should be pursued, and horror palsied her limbs, when she saw that the figure had already darted across the intervening space between the paths, and was within a few paces of her. What

a shriek escaped her when she beheld the outstretched hand extended to retain her by her dress? and the cloak thrown back, betrayed a martial habit. Honoria believed her destruction certain, and that to secure her silence her life would be sacrificed. In the moment of desperation she raised the sword, she carried in her hand, and struck at her pursuer. But no sooner did she feel the softness of the human form yield to the thrust, than the blood curdled in her vein, and the sword fell from her nerveless hand, as the figure staggered against a tree pronouncing in a sad and reproachful tone, "Honoriam!"

Again a shriek of horror escaped her, and she sprung forward to sustain the form she feared was sinking to the earth. But she herself was more in need of support, and overwhelmed with a deadly sickness, she sunk into

the arms that were clasped around her tottering frame.

“ Do not tremble so, my Honoria !” said the gentle voice of Spencer. “ I am not hurt, and am a thousand, thousand times repaid by this dear solicitude.”

Honoria could not speak for some moments, and vainly attempted to articulate ; at length she ejaculated :

“ Is it possible that my profane hand *could* have been lifted against *your* life? Gracious Heaven! and I have wounded you.” She burst into a passion of tears.

The tenderest expressions, excited by the sight of her emotion, and the assurance that she had only slightly pierced the back of his hand, and that surprise alone had made him stagger back, brought Honoria to her recollection, and restored her presence of mind, when confused and



overcome by contending sensations, she could only make an effort to proceed, having previously bound her handkerchief round his hand. Spencer attempted not to detain her, but still supporting her, hurried her towards her apartments, and with that delicacy and propriety that never forsook him, endeavoured to lessen her excessive perturbation by ceasing to notice it. He was anxious to account for the manner in which he had gained access to the garden, thinking it might appear strange to her when she should be able to reflect, and he said, speaking with rapidity.

“ I hope the guns, which were a signal to recal me, did not alarm you. I wished privately to gain the convent, and intended passing through the balcony to the ramparts, trusting you would have resumed your repose, and would not be aware of the liberty I had taken. You must not be alarm-

ed if you hear more guns, believe me there is nothing to apprehend."

"Then, why have you returned—and so secretly?" asked the still trembling Honoria.

"I will tell you every thing to-morrow," said Spencer, as they gained the balcony. He did not enter her apartment, but seeing her safe within it, rapidly disappeared through the door opening to the ramparts. Honoria sunk upon a seat, and freely indulged the tears which could alone give relief to her tumultuous feelings. They flowed incessantly, till a brisk cannonading from the ramparts gave a new turn to her sensations, and she could perceive from her window that all was bustle and commotion both in the court below, and on the ramparts.

## CHAPTER XIX.

---

Far downward in the castle yard,  
Full many a torch and crescent glar'd;  
And helms and plumes confus'dly toss'd,  
Were in the blaze half seen, half lost;  
And spears in wild disorder shook,  
Like reeds beside a frozen brook.

LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

---

**H**ONORIA was soon joined by Marcella, who imparted to her the real circumstances of their situation, which had been concealed from her while it was possible. The Count, not thinking it probable that the convent would be assaulted, would not relinquish the active duty that called him out, but left a charge, that if, contrary to his expectation, the enemy should be

discovered near the walls, three great guns should be successively discharged, as a signal of the danger, and to recal the force without. They were a few miles from the convent when the report saluted their ears, and De L'Arevalo led his Guerrillas back at speed; but stopped within a short distance of it, as, on reconnoitering, they found that a strong body of the enemy was actually before the walls. Of its strength they could form no accurate estimate, and to gain the gates of the convent the Guerrillas must cut through it. The ordnance from the ramparts was not playing on them, and De L'Arevalo was sensible that his presence was requisite to direct the operations within. He rapidly imparted his project to Don Manilla, who, entirely approving of it, De L'Arevalo dismounted, and having wrapped his cloak about him to avoid being recognized,

he repaired to a fisherman's hut adjacent to the river, where he was immediately furnished with the means of reaching the back of the convent by water. And landed as we have before seen, intending so to direct the interior force against the enemy, as to co-operate with Don Manilla, who was to attack their rear.

He had little time to marvel on the strangeness of meeting Honoria at such an hour in the garden, and armed with his sword, for all the powers of his mind, and the exertions of his body were called into action. Yet "in the battle's heat" he thought of her, and the tenderness she had betrayed for him enhanced his valour, and gave tenfold merit to the bravery with which he risked the life she had thus rendered invaluable!

## CHAPTER XX.

Then sudden on the windows shone  
 A lightning flash, just seen and gone !  
 A shot is heard !——Again the flame  
 Flash'd thick and fast, a volley came,  
 Then echoed wildly from within,  
 Of shout, and scream, the mingled din !

ROKEBY.

**H**ONORIA was intruded on, in all her anxiety and distress, by the presence of Donna Cleora, who came flying to her half dressed, and wild with terror, and who extremely annoyed her by the inconsistency of her very fears. One moment she was screaming in fits, and the next laughing violently at Chico, who was creeping under

their feet, howling and yelping at the noise of the cannon. Then again in her despair, her constant cry was—“ O if the Count should be killed! if the Count should be killed, the convent would fall immediately she was convinced.” Thus dinning in Honoria’s ears the repetition of this horrible suggestion, till she provoked her to a degree that made her long to observe to her, that Don Mateo was probably exposed to equal danger, though she seemed to have forgotten that circumstance. Scarcely five minutes elapsed without a message calculated to appease their apprehensions; but as Honoria believed *that* to be its sole object, she placed very little reliance on its purport. Whether the enemy was bombarding the walls she could not tell, as the continual roar of the artillery within prevented any distinction of sounds, and whether that report shook the edifice, or an attack



from without she knew not, till a cannon ball flew right through the apartment, leaving an immense gap in the wall, and stone and mortar scattered in every direction. One united shriek succeeded, while the ball, spent by the force with which it had penetrated the first wall, rebounded from the opposite one, and *recoched* on the floor of the room to the utter dismay of the females ; who, with reiterated screams flew from side to side to avoid it, and fortunately escaped unhurt, having been seated at the furthest end of the apartment from where the ball had penetrated.

Honorina found herself clinging to the rails of the balcony. Marcella was crouching behind the settee, and Donna Cleora standing on the table where she had sprung to avoid the rebounding ball, and was still screaming without intermission ; while Chico barked as loud as he could. When

Honorina could think, she became sensible of the danger she had escaped, and sunk down on her knees, still holding by the rails, while her tremulous lips ejaculated thanks for her preservation, and prayed for a continuation of it, sensible that she must be exposed to similar danger. Having recovered her presence of mind, she started up, exclaiming; “ O whither shall we fly ?” and was about to seek a more safe retreat, when she perceived that the door leading to the ramparts was open. The guns on that side had for a few moments ceased firing, and she now heard a violent rush along the walls, as of numbers flying to the same spot, and a cry of “ A breach a breach ! they have made a breach !”

“ And he who mounts it,” cried the voice of the Count, “ shall trample on the body of De L’Arevalo ere he gains these walls.”

Honorias head swam, she clung still faster to the rails, a convulsive sob escaped her ; she had not breath to scream ; and was too strongly excited to permit of insensibility.

In a moment, an unusual uproar seemed spread through the Guerrillas. A cry of lamentation arose ; amidst it these words were distinguishable.

“ He has fallen ! De L’Arevalo, has fallen in the breach ! we will avenge his life with the last drop of our blood ! ”

Honorias heard no more. Her death warrant seemed signed with his to whom her life was devoted. She had nothing more to dread, anxiety was at an end, the very worst had actually occurred, and she fell senseless on the floor !

## CHAPTER XXI.

---

Fayre braunche of noblesse, flowre of chivalrie,  
That with your worth the world amazed make,  
How shall I quite the paynes ye suffer for my  
sake.

SPENSER.

---

WHEN Honoria revived, she found herself in the arms of a man who was bearing her swiftly along. She struggled to get free, exclaiming wildly, what has happened? where is Spencer? who are you?"

She gained her feet, but the arms of her supporter still sustained her form. She looked up, and beheld the eyes of De L'Arevalo fondly beaming on her, and now heard his voice

tenderly endeavouring to sooth her. She regarded him for a moment in uncertainty, when tears burst from her eyes, as she again sunk on his shoulder, murmuring—" I thought—I dreamt—O surely my senses are deranged."

He caught her to his breast, and again raised her in his arms to bear her forward.

" O where are you carrying me to ?" she cried. " To a place of safety, my beloved !" returned Spencer, quite off his guard at such a moment. " I can walk," said Honoria ; when Marcella, who was following with Donna Cleora, exclaimed, " O pray Signora, let the Count carry you, and don't stop him, or the cannon balls may overtake us before we are safe."

But Honoria *would* walk, and, supported by Spencer, she tottered on, and, as perfect recollection returned,

fearfully repeated, "The breach! the breach! they said you had fallen."

"They believed so, when I jumped in to dislodge the enemy that was attempting to ascend. They thought I was overpowered, and had fallen; but they were soon undeceived: it is now filled up by a four-and-twenty pounder, and a body of men that are invincible. I had no sooner secured it, than I flew to bear you to a place of safety; aware, from the direction of the bombardment, your apartment must be in danger. I found you, my Honoria, senseless in the balcony, and was almost reduced to a similar state, for I thought a ball had struck you. But here," he continued, as they entered a small square room under ground, which had formerly been a place of confinement; "here, if you will consent to remain a short time, nothing can harm you."

"But O, do not leave us, my dear

Count," cried Donna Cleora, catching hold of his arm ; " do not leave us in this solitary place ! suppose the convent should be knocked to pieces, we might be buried beneath its ruins, without any body knowing any thing about us ; the firing on the ramparts has ceased, and I dare say you are all overpowered."

Marcella too now sprung forward ready to cling to the Count, to prevent his quitting them.

" Pray do not detain me !" he cried, though he had not yet relinquished his support of Honoria. " We are on the point of making a *sortie*, which will rid us at once of our enemies, who are already beset by Don Manilla's division ; on which account we dare not fire on them, lest we should destroy our own men."

" Go, go, then," said Honoria, ashamed of the weakness which made them all gather round him, as if to



oppose his departure. But Donna Cleora still clung to him, weeping bitterly, and Honoria said, somewhat impatiently, “ Pray, Donna Cleora, let the Count go ! You know not the consequence of detaining him at such a moment ! ”

He soon extricated himself from her grasp, and flew off without another moment's delay. Marcella went to procure them seats, for the apartment was totally empty of furniture, and damp and dreary in the extreme. The door was no sooner closed, than Donna Cleora began to scream ; but as Honoria could find no consolation or relief in this constant exercise of her lungs, she remained profoundly silent, putting up mental prayers for the preservation of him, who was dearer to her than ever. She began to hope, that the enemy had relinquished the attack on the convent, when she heard the report of their

cannon much less frequent, and felt that the edifice was no longer shaken by it; and with what a glow of delight did her heart dilate when she was convinced, by the sound, that they certainly were receding, and could no longer doubt, that the intrepid Guerrillas were driving them before them. She thought it was now no longer necessary to retain their disagreeable situation, and on quitting it, they found that it was broad day. Honoria recommended Donna Cleora to retire to her chamber; for as her husband was left with the guard, she could not experience any anxiety on his account. Though he *had* escaped, his fair partner seemed in very ill-humour, and Honoria was heartily glad to get rid of her when she repaired to her apartments; but her sitting-room was a scene of absolute ruin, though her chamber had fortunately escaped.

Thither she retired, and found Chico was still her companion ; he had not been left behind in their precipitate retreat, for the noise had excited a degree of terror, which had kept him close at their heels.

## CHAPTER XXII.

---

---

Perchance if mortal thoughts so high may soar,  
 Or dare the secrets of the skies explore)  
 From heav'nly seats his guardian angel flew,  
 And o'er the chief his golden pinions threw.

TASSO.

---

---

**H**ONORIA longed to take a view of the plain from the ramparts; but a party was already busily employed in repairing the breach, and she could not venture out. But her anxiety was not destined to endure much longer, as the Count brought back his forces early in the day, and was once more received as a conqueror. It appeared that the enemy had been induced to attack the convent, on

their having ascertained that the Count and the chief part of his men were absent, from which they inferred it would be an easy conquest. Some of their scouts reconnoitring the walls had first given the alarm to the sentinels, which had led them to fire the signal of recal ere the attack commenced. The conflict ended in the enemy being routed with considerable loss, though several of the Guerrillas fell, and some of the officers were wounded.

How was Honoria to receive the victor? while he had continued in peril she had experienced no wish, no fear, but what would have been satisfied by seeing him once more in safety! but now that her apprehensions were quelled, she had time to reflect on all that had so recently passed, and to remember how she had been repeatedly surprised into betraying the strong interest she experienced for

him ; and that such a demonstration of her feelings was irrefutable, and could scarcely be misinterpreted. True, she might console herself with the thoughts of the ardent affection he had evinced for her, under circumstances that defied hypocrisy ; but still she felt overwhelmed with confusion and regret, at the apprehension that the secret of her bosom was revealed to the very last person she would voluntarily have imparted it to. To meet him with that impression on her mind, just as he had escaped from the most imminent danger, when it would be unfeeling and unnatural in the highest degree to receive him with reserve or formality ; nay, which she would have found impossible, demanded a greater portion of self-possession and composure than she could at such a time command. The ruinous state of her sitting room furnished one excuse for avoiding an

interview, and the fatigue and disturbance of the preceding night might well be supposed to have disordered her, and rendered her unfit to see any one but her attendant.

She heard the Count's voice in the outer room, lamenting to Marcella the devastation apparent there, and deploring the inconvenience she (Honorina) must sustain from it. He then sent an anxious message of inquiry, to which Marcella added an observation, delivered with a very significant look, that the Count was waiting in the anti-room for her reply. Honorina knew he expected she would come out to congratulate him, but she dared not; and desired Marcella to say that she was indisposed from the effects of her terrors, and much regretted that she was unable to express to him her feelings on the occasion of his victory, and safe return.

“ O, Signora !” said Marcella, in



a tone of persuasion ; “ pray go to the Count, he will be so disappointed ; only think how much care he took of you last night, and——” Honoria blushed deeply, but interrupted Marcella, repeating that she was too unwell to leave her room, and intended seeking repose. Marcella reluctantly delivered the message, and Spencer still more reluctantly retired.

Honoria reclined on her bed all day, endeavouring to compose her feelings. She could not be so unkind, so ungrateful, as long to deny her protector the gratification of seeing her ; and she sought so to fortify herself, that she might maintain a line of conduct strictly consistent with propriety, and equally removed from childish coquetry, or prudish austereness.

In the evening she went to walk in the gardens, and had not been there long, when she perceived Donna Cleora, who had found her way

through the ruins, descending from the balcony. She approached Honoria, and with mock ceremony requested *her* permission to walk in the garden, adding a hope that she did not interrupt any of her plans. Honoria was aware that she only wanted to be impertinent, and thought the best way of foiling her malignity was to appear unconscious of it; and she answered as if she thought her serious, telling her she was at liberty to walk in the garden as long as she chose; and that she no further interrupted her plans than by interrupting her solitude, for which she was most inclined at that moment. Upon this hint, Honoria thought the intruder would pass on, and suffer her to pursue her walk alone; but, as if purposely to torment her, Cleora kept by her side.

“ You have seen the Count, of course,” she observed. Honoria re-

mained silent, and Cleora continued. “ *I* have not, for I make a point of avoiding him as much as possible. It is particularly unfortunate that he should be the colonel of my husband’s corps !”

“ It is rather unlucky, indeed !” said Honoria. “ *Unlucky !*” retorted Cleora, colouring. “ Pray why *unlucky*? what do you mean?”

“ Merely to agree with you ! you said it was very unfortunate, did not you? and I allow that it is so.”

“ And, pray, why should you think it unfortunate !”

“ Because you said so yourself.”

“ But you might as well have waited to hear *why* it was unfortunate, before you were so ready to assert it ! however, perhaps, you have already heard of the Count’s violent attachment to me when I was at Cadiz, and my rejection of him in favour of Don Mateo !”

Honorina only smiled, and when Cleora continued enlarging on the subject, appeared to be observing some distant object, and looked as if she did not hear her; till perceiving the Count on the ramparts, and that he was about to descend and join them, she observed,

“ There is that unfortunate, discarded lover, coming to meet us! what must be his sufferings in *your* presence, under such circumstances?”

Though Honorina spoke with affected gravity, Cleora was aware that she was ridiculing her, and could not contain her rage.

“ Yes, yes,” she cried, in a sarcastic tone; “ I see plain enough through it all—do you suppose I am so dull as not to know *who* you were waiting here for? but *I* will stay to torment you.”

The Count was too near to permit Honorina to resent this impertinence

had she designed to do so, and she endeavoured to suppress the irritation it excited, though she at that moment sincerely wished herself again under the protection of her sister, sheltered from Donna Cleora's impudent sarcasms. Yet she did not regret her presence at that time, as it aided the confusion she experienced at meeting Spencer ; but after the due compliments on the late occasion, and an anxious inquiry after the hurt his hand had sustained, she became serious and thoughtful, spoke little, and was evidently ill at ease. Spencer imputed it chiefly to the presence of Donna Cleora, who walked sullenly along with them, unable to conceal her ill humour ; yet not daring to speak from a dread of betraying it, when Marcella came to tell her Don Mateo wished to speak to her immediately on an affair of consequence. Her curiosity exceeded her malice,

and she obeyed the summons, to Spencer's infinite joy; who, on her leaving them, observed to Honoria, that he feared Donna Cleora had been saying something disagreeable by her aspect. Honoria took no notice of this allusion, but exclaimed:

“Is there no hope of my being able to leave the convent? Is it *certain* that the enemy still infests that part of the country through which I must pass?”

“I believe I am unreasonable,” said Spencer, “but I feel hurt, when you betray such impatience to be gone—it implies a tacit reproach!”

“No, indeed!” cried Honoria, with energy, “you wrong both yourself and me by such a suggestion. Nothing has been left undone to render my situation comfortable. No one else could have done so much—at least—no one would have thought of—of—”

Honorina hardly knew how to finish what she wished to say ; but, after a moment's hesitation, she added :

“ I feel that I owe you more than it is possible I can ever repay.”

“ O, no ! you don't !” cried Spencer with vehemence, “ you may easily cancel it all—but ;” he checked himself, “ I must not talk of *that* now, or I shall cancel it myself !—and to satisfy you, I will tell you that the main body of the enemy is driven beyond Madrid, and those who have been lingering in this vicinity are now hastening towards the same quarter ; and I have no doubt that, in the course of two or three days, my resolution will be put to the test, and I shall be compelled to allow that you may depart with safety. The only thing that tends to reconcile me to the thoughts of it is, the persuasion that you must now be so very uncomfortable, your chief apartment being de-



stroyed, that tiresome woman always annoying you, and subject to the intrusion of an impudent fellow who is everlastingly finding some excuse for plaguing you with his company."

"It does not *plague* me," said Honoria in a low tone, casting her eyes to the ground; but she repented even this slight confession, from its influence on Spencer, who snatched her hand to his lips with a vivacity he could not controul; but he instantly released it, on perceiving how distressed she appeared, and implored her forgiveness in a manner it was impossible to withstand.

To dissipate her embarrassment he checked his own feelings; and, after some moments, gaily exclaimed:

"O, do tell me on what fatal project you were bent, when I found you so formidably armed here last night? were you going to practise the broad

sword exercise on the fire-flies and moschetos !”

Honorina could not help laughing, and owned the experiment she had been trying, attributing her anxiety for the return of the Guerrillas, to the apprehensions excited by the discharge of the signal guns. She further explained what had induced her to attack him, and asked him why he had not called to her to appease her fears? for which he accounted by saying, he had dreaded some lurking foe might be in ambush, and therefore would not speak aloud, as he did not wish his return to be known till he had ascertained the exact posture of affairs.

Honorina walked much longer than she had intended, though every time she turned she thought she would go in, yet found herself again traversing the path in compliance with Spencer's persuasion. At length, when she per-

sisted in re-entering, he advised her by all means, for the short time she should remain, to adopt one of the arbours as her sitting room, and not to seclude herself in a melancholy chamber. She could perfectly understand his design, and she shook her head, without explaining her motives for declining the measure he proposed.

The next day she had a good pretext for seeing him, in order to arrange every preparation for her journey, which he consented should commence the succeeding morning; and he proposed that Marcella should accompany her, as she might return with the escort.

Honorina had meditated making this request, and was extremely pleased that Spencer himself should have prevented it. She was to ride Rinaldo, and trusted that the second day would restore her to her sister: but “ a sigh

rose in the midst of her joy," when she reflected that that reunion would be promptly succeeded by a separation painful in the extreme, even in contemplation. Yet she now could scarcely doubt that Spencer would thoroughly explain himself before they parted, and that he only waited till she was under her sister's protection to enter on the subject. But the profession he had embraced was so inimical to domestic happiness, that as often as she reflected on it her heart sunk ; and she thought that if every other obstacle to a union with the object of her choice was done away, *that* alone would prevent the fruition of those schemes of felicity, which sometimes enchanted her imagination.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

---

So sweet a spot of earth, you might (I ween)  
 Have guess'd some congregation of the elves  
 To sport by summer moons, had shap'd it for  
 themselves.

CAMPBELL.

---

BY day-break next morning the cavalcade was ready to set off. Honoria once more found herself mounted on Rinaldo, Marcella rode a mule, and had charge of Chico; Donna Cleora fortunately was not up soon enough to see him borne off. Neither did Honoria forget her banner which was carried by a Guerrilla, one of a numerous party that attended her, while their chief rode by her side. In this order they quitted the memorable

convent of San Fernando; and, as Honoria cast a lingering look behind, she thought, that however distracting and tumultuous the variety of sensations she had experienced within those walls, all were attended with an inexpressible interest, a strong, fervent, animated emotion, which must ever endear to her this theatre of the grandest events of her life.

For some time they journeyed onward, 'serious and thoughtful; for both Spencer and Honoria were painfully impressed with the idea of their speedy separation, and were disinclined to converse even with each other. They stopped during the warmest part of the day for a few hours to repose their horses, and remained sheltered beneath the thick spreading foliage of the cork, chesnut, and mulberry trees, the latter pendant with delicious fruit, on which they plentifully regaled. Here too was

the cascarrales\*, and the encinas†, which produces the bellota, or acorn; and, in explaining their different properties, Spencer regained his accustomed equanimity and anxiety to entertain.

While they partook of the refreshments they had brought with them, he was led, by degrees, to converse of his future plans, which he seemed desirous of, yet fearful of transgressing the bounds he had prescribed for himself, while he remained the sole protector of his fair charge. He talked of her home, of his marino, of having it immediately completed,

\* Large trees, the fruit of which is a long husk full of a kind of coagulated juice, and given as a treat to the cattle of the country.

† Green oaks, which produce an acorn not too vulgar for the *delicate* taste of the Spanish ladies. It is true the acorn of these green oaks sensibly differs from that of the common oak (Roble's); it is lesser, and has a taste a good deal like that of a hazel nut.

BURGOIN'S SPAIN.



and said he had already remitted directions to that effect, and that he intended residing there great part of every summer.

Honorina checked a sigh, as she questioned how the Guerrilla Chief could ever reside at the marino; nor could she refrain from observing, that the profession he had adopted, and more particularly the nature of the service he had selected, would permit him to enjoy but little of the pleasures of home. Such an observation was exactly what Spencer had designed to provoke, as it gave him an opportunity of further explaining his future intentions.

“Heaven forbid!” he cried, “that I should be compelled to pass my future days in a situation so devoid of comfort, so incompatible with those domestic enjoyments which I look forward to, as the most perfect happiness this life can afford. *If I*

am disappointed ——— *then* indeed I shall freely devote my wretched existence to a profession, which I was first tempted to embrace under a delusion, which led me to believe I could never—that is—I—I—”

Spencer had spoken with agitation, and now seemed much confused ; but, omitting what he would have said, he continued, with great animation : “ I now trust that higher duties will be imposed on me, than those which would detain me here. I hope by the time I have terminated this campaign, I shall have established a reputation that will permit me, when the corps is quietly reposing in winter quarters, to resign the command of it, without the risk of incurring censure. The service cannot feel my loss when my place shall be taken by such a man, and such a soldier, as Don Manilla Los Tores ; I have ever felt an awkwardness in being his su-

perior officer. If I know any thing of generalship, I owe it to him, and I shall feel the greatest pleasure in seeing him where he ought to be, at the head of the Guerrillas."

"He could not have taught you intrepidity and valour!" observed Honoria, who did not like to resign all merit to Don Manilla, and was too well pleased with what Spencer had been saying, to resist paying him this gratifying compliment.

He received it with a sweet and grateful smile, and soon after continued;—"Though I have every reason to be satisfied with the general conduct of the body of men I have under my command, yet, I am fully aware that, in individual instances, I should not have had to regret some irregularities, which have excited my disapprobation, had I been a *Spaniard*. They denote an enthusiastic attachment to me, and the majority,

I am confident, experience it; but, I am equally confident, there are some among them, who never can *forgive* my being an Englishman, and to whom *that* circumstance proves a constant source of envy and discontent, however they may endeavour to hide it, under a display of vehement regard. This unfavourable disposition is more likely to strengthen than decrease, and may in time excite disaffection, and destroy the link of amity in which we ought all to act, or our services can never be depended on. This makes me the more ready to resign my situation, as I doubt not, that, under Don Manilla, concord and unanimity will be permanent. You are probably not to learn how very slender the bond of union has too frequently proved, by which we have endeavoured to combine the services of the British and the Spaniards; and that, either from

ignorance or ill-will, their co-operations have oftener misled than been of use to us?"

Honoria said, she believed it was notorious! Spencer rejoined—"I am sure I shall be benefitting the corps by resigning the command of it; and for myself, the duties which demand my presence in my own country, and at my home, can bear no comparison with those which would detain me here. I am one of those instruments which Providence has appointed to sustain and employ numerous individuals, whose families for ages have been dependent upon mine. My brother and myself alone remain to perform the task, which I verily believe was never before neglected by any of our stock. I had not to reproach myself with this before I left England. I was then in a state of mind that superseded reflection on every subject save *one*; but atonement to

*every* one," added Spencer, casting down his eyes, "must be the future business of my life, and such business will be pleasure indeed!"

"Is it not time to proceed?" said Honoria, and in a few minutes they were again on their way. But how was her heart lightened! She seemed like the half-chilled plant, suddenly renovated by the bursting forth of a brilliant sun! She dared now encourage hope, and look steadily on the prospect that opened to her, without being dismayed by possible evils and disappointments, which her sanguine imagination banished from the picture. Spencer too was himself again, and shortened every step by the charms of his conversation. The Guerrillas followed at some distance, but Marcella and the guides were of the advanced party. Towards evening the clouds assumed a lowering aspect, and threatened the descent of a tor-

rent that would soon have penetrated the thickest foliage. The country they were traversing was wildly romantic ; jutting rocks, pendant with twining shrubs, were suspended over their heads, and in some places almost met, as the road became narrower. But it was a beaten track, which permitted them to advance with rapidity, as the guides advised, informing them there was a spacious cavern not far distant which would afford shelter from the impending shower. Pressing their horses forward, the Count and Honoria soon found themselves before the mouth of the cave, as the large drops began to fall ; and Spencer having lifted her from her horse, Honoria ran to enter the retreat, but started back on hearing voices from within ; and hastily re-joining Spencer, clung to his arm in terror, expressing her apprehension that a party of the enemy was in am-



bush. Spencer smiled at her fears, and undauntedly approached the mouth of the cavern, when he observed a lady and gentleman sitting on a stone. They were as much startled at his appearance, as Honoria had been at their voices. Spencer advanced with a courteous air, requesting permission to share their place of shelter. The gentleman started up, exclaiming, in accents of delight, "Spencer! my brother!" as he threw himself upon his neck. Honoria at the same moment found herself in the arms of her sister, whom the obscurity of the cave had, at first, prevented her recognizing.

For some minutes all was tumultuous joy, and none could speak intelligibly, till the drawing up of the Guerrillas before the mouth of the cave checked the first transports of re-union, and restored the powers of reflection.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

---

---

The sun's last rays are on the hill,  
 And sparkle in the fountain rill;  
 Whose welcome waters, cool and clear,  
 Draw blessings from the mountaineer.

GIAOUR.

---

---

THE guides observed that the cavern they had alluded to was one of much greater extent, only a few yards further, and *there* it appeared that the Major's mules and attendants were sheltered; and the soldiers, &c. repaired to the same covert, leaving the brothers and sisters the free occupation of the spot they had selected. The Major was extremely affected at the sight of his brother, whom at one

period he had believed he should never again behold, and who had seemed for ever alienated from him; and it was long before either could recover their emotion, so as to converse with composure. Ella shed tears of joy and affection on the bosom of her sister, who to similar sensations had added that agitation and confusion she could not fail to experience at being with Spencer, in the presence of those who were aware of how much she had suffered on his account, and who with Argus eyes would scan their mutual demeanour, in order to form their own interpretations.

Ella had met Spencer with uncontrollable joy, and as a tender sister; but Honoria dreaded that when she should have time to reflect, her subsequent manner would not be consistent with her reception of him. But this was no time for doubts, or want of confidence; and the most delight-

ful harmony reigned throughout the party, when the perturbation of joy had subsided to the solid consciousness of happiness.

Upon explanation it appeared, that by the return of Barnet, the first information had been received by the Major and Ella of the adventures resulting from Honoria being benighted on the Plains of Salamanca. They had concluded she was safe in the town, and on Barnet's appearing imagined he was only come to apprise them that she intended to extend her visit, for they had rather expected her on that day. But the cast of his countenance soon convinced them that something extraordinary had happened, but it was long before he could give an account sufficiently clear to make every thing intelligible, which he attempted to do before he delivered the letters he was charged with, and which gave a perfect solu-

tion to his confused relation, rendered so by his endeavours to exculpate himself from blame in the first instance.

The Major could experience no sensation but the most animated joy in discovering his brother in the gallant leader of the Guerrillas ; and the style of his letter proved that he was the same kind, affectionate, superior being he had ever believed him ; and though it entered into no explanation of the unaccountable part of his conduct, it promised full and entire confidence when they should meet, and Edgar felt no drawback to his delight : he could only rejoice that Honoria had been thrown on the protection of his brother, as his confidence in him was unbounded ; and he felt not a doubt that every thing would be explained in the most satisfactory manner, and all end as he desired.

Ella's feelings widely differed from

her husband's; she was alarmed, distressed, miserable! at the thoughts of Honoria cast on the protection of Spencer Burlington, in whom her confidence had been so thoroughly shaken. The confused and agitated style of her sister's letter, and her assurance that she only saw in him the Mr. Burlington she had known at the cottage, increased Ella's uneasiness; and, though she questioned not Honoria's prudence, she believed that the renewal of an intimacy with a person so calculated to enslave the affections, and to whom her heart had long been devoted, could only tend to the utter destruction of her happiness; for Ella attached little weight to Spencer's letter; she knew his style of writing and speaking was the same, she had often seen his letters; and, however he might *act*, she had observed that he never either *said* or *wrote* any thing that could excite an

unpleasant emotion, and she believed the tenour of his epistle was merely dictated by a wish to appease their anxiety. That, as Honoria was thrown on his protection, he could not avoid affording it; but, that he would find some excuse for not escorting her to them, and at the same time avoid the opportunity of making explanations he never seriously intended entering into. She thought him a strange, wild, romantic, inconsistent being, with more plausibility than any other young man she had ever known, and felt that she should be wretched till her sister was restored to her. She could in no way participate in her husband's sensations, and every day augmented her uneasiness, while she thought of what her mother would suffer, could she be aware of Honoria's situation. It was in vain Edgar represented to her the danger and distresses from which his brother had



rescued Honoria; Ella was inclined to think she would have been less a prisoner to the Frenchman than to Spencer, and questioned whether her future fate might not receive a darker hue from *that* circumstance, than if she had remained for years in the captivity of a declared enemy.

No sooner was her husband sufficiently recovered to attempt travelling, than she proposed seeking her sister, whose arrival she had daily expected in vain. The Major being satisfied that the enemy had retired from that part of the country, readily acceded to her wish, being equally anxious for the anticipated interview with his brother. The threatening aspect of the sky had caused them to seek the shelter of the cave, at the time they were surprised by Spencer and Honoria. On seeing them together, Ella for a time forgot all her doubts, and was ready to believe

every thing that she wished, while Spencer's affectionate and unstudied manner confirmed the persuasion ; nor could she hesitate to believe he was fervently attached to her, by the gentle and tender accent in which he related every circumstance with which she was connected.

The rain now fell in torrents, and dripped through the shrubs that hung over the mouth of the cavern, producing a most soothing sound, peculiarly agreeable to feelings recently agitated, and exciting a sensation of comfort and security, in being sheltered from the storm, together with those most dear to one, which can well be conceived by such as are susceptible of those emotions, and who must have often felt the charms of their fire-side enhanced by the howling of the winter storm, and pattering of the pelting rain.

“ Not that we take delight  
In others' woe, but that the mind with pleasure  
Contemplates ills from which ourselves are free.\*

Nothing could be more luxurious than the feelings of our amiable quartette ; their every wish seemed bounded to the extent of the cavern, and under the existing impression, they could have fancied they might have spent their lives there without regret.

Ella had to learn the pleasing intelligence relative to her uncle, and the welfare of her mother, which Spencer had received ; in short, they had no idea of how the time wore, till the guides came to apprise them the rain had ceased ; and, as they had but a short period of day-light to calculate on, they must not linger. Two miles further was a village, where accommodations for the night might be obtained, and for this place they set forward.

\* Metastasio.

Barnet and Sarah were among the group that had occupied the second cavern, and Honoria found that the Major had made arrangements for pursuing the direct road to the frontiers, on his way to Lisbon, for embarkation. Spencer had intended to remain one day with his brother after he had delivered up his charge, and he would not be disappointed, though they were not to continue stationary; and he signified his determination of proceeding with them through the next day's journey. They procured but indifferent accommodations for the night, and only one room which was fit for the reception of the ladies. Ella and Honoria therefore shared it. The brothers sat up together: they had too much to say to admit of sleep, and the long-protracted explanation at length took place.

## CHAPTER XXV.

---

Still my beloved ! still keep in mind,  
However far remov'd from me ;  
That there is one thou leav'st behind,  
Whose heart respires for only thee !

T. MOORE.

---

ELLA was not long alone with her sister before she contrived to ascertain, though indirectly, whether any thing had transpired to cast a light on Spencer's strange conduct ; and, on finding that it still continued in obscurity, she was the more astonished, as, from the friendly and intimate footing they appeared to have been on, the duration of this mystery was the more unaccountable.

On recommencing their journey, it was easy to perceive that the most entire harmony existed between the brothers, and that the confidence which had once been unbounded between them, had again become so. They sometimes rode forward together, and, when at a sufficient distance to be out of hearing of others, the vivacity of their gesticulations discovered how interesting was the subject of their conversation. Spencer had no opportunity of saying any thing apart to Honoria if he wished it, for she rode beside her sister during the former part of the day, for she was growing sad, and could not resist it, as she reflected how rapidly the hours were elapsing in which she could be permitted to enjoy *his* society, which, in her estimation, embraced every delight. She feared he would perceive her dejection, and avoided, as much as possible, his penetrating glance.

At length a steep ascent, and very rugged path presenting itself, he persuaded her to dismount and walk up, as the road was not so safe for Rinaldo as to Ella's mule; and as Ella also advised the measure, Honoria did not hesitate to adopt it. She accepted Spencer's arm, and soon found herself left behind the remainder of the party, when her supporter eagerly said :

“ I have been seeking this opportunity all day, and was miserable at the thoughts that we must part so soon, and that you would not indulge me with the occasion of saying what I have so long been compelled to suppress. It is most painful to me to touch on the unpardonable inconsistencies of my conduct, and presumptuous to imagine *you* can attach any weight to it, or experience any anxiety to have it accounted for—*farther* than that a natural curiosity always



makes one desirous of comprehending the motives, which actuate behaviour we are at a loss to interpret——”

Spencer paused. He seemed rather bewildered, but Honoria did not assist him by any observation, and he went on.

“ To my brother I have fully explained every thing that may have appeared enigmatical in my conduct, and all that I request is, that you would condescend to listen to the relation which he will repeat to you after my departure. I am so fully persuaded of the strength of your mind, and the soundness of your judgment, that I cannot think you will condemn me entirely. To your penetration I will not pay so poor a compliment, as to admit it *possible* you can be ignorant of the nature of those sentiments which you excited in me, in the very first stage of our acquaintance, and which have ever since been gaining

strength. Though circumstances, and latterly the peculiar situation in which we were together, restrained my lips—I will not presume to ask one encouraging word, till I shall be justified in your eyes; but if the same kind Providence that has hitherto guarded my life, shall permit me to revisit my country, it shall be the business of my existence to endeavour to do away every unfavourable impression you may have conceived to my disadvantage; and by perseverance to excite compassion, and at length perhaps—love.”

Hondria coughed—she felt as we are apt to do when receiving unmerited praise. She could not disclaim the credit that was given to her, and found she had nothing to do but remain silent—and so was Spencer for a few moments, when he spoke again in an impassioned tone.

“O! that the time was come when

I could enter on my probation, when I might every day, every hour importune you to be merciful. Speak, my Honoria! will you be quite inexorable?"

Honoria returned in fluctuating accents, "How soon you forget your protestations!"

"How, my love?—forgive me!" he added, observing her confusion—"my language is the dictate of feelings I cannot resist—why do you accuse me of forgetting my protestations!"

"What did you say just now?"

"I called you my love! and told you that from the moment I——"

"No, no, you are incorrigible!" cried Honoria, interrupting him, "you know what I allude to."

"No, indeed I do not! though I could repeat every word that has passed."

"You said, 'I will not presume to ask one encouraging word till I

shall be justified in your eyes, and then——”

“ What then ? ”

“ O, I forget now.”

“ And then I asked you if you would be quite inexorable ! That was not requesting *one encouraging word*. Suppose you had said, *not quite !* that would not have been encouraging me, because you might be very *very* cruel, without being *quite* inexorable. Say so ? and leave me to make the interpretation ! ”

Honorio shook her head, but could not withhold a smile, as she averted her face. “ But,” he continued, “ I did not say I would not ask for one encouraging *look*. O, my Honorio ! consider how soon we are to part.”—His voice faltered. “ What am I to live on during the tedious period of absence ! not *one* kindly expression ; *one* glance bespeaking regard to re-

flect on, and cheer my breast with hope!"

Honorina was strongly affected, and with difficulty suppressed her tears—in a low tone, she articulated: "I should be the most ungrateful of human beings, were I to neglect this opportunity of assuring you how deeply I am sensible of the delicacy and propriety of your conduct while I had—yes I *will* say—had the *pleasure* of being under your protection; for how was it possible to be otherwise than pleased, when such unremitting exertions were made to promote my comfort. I can never forget how much I owe you, or cease to experience the sincerest friendship and—and regard, for one to whom I am so much obliged."

"I do not like those words," said Spencer, in an impatient tone; "*friendship* and *regard* are common terms, by some professed for every one that

they do not absolutely dislike—as to *obligation*, it can never be applicable from you to me. I only seek my own gratification in endeavouring to please you; *if* I succeed, the obligation is all on my side.”

“Then you ought to be very much obliged to me indeed!” said Honoria, with a smile, that at length satisfied Spencer, and confirmed what he had long dared to hope. The impression which it left on his mind enabled him to take leave of his beloved friends, the ensuing morning, with more fortitude than he otherwise could have maintained.

Honoria found it impossible to suppress her tears, and never raised her veil for some hours after his departure. She could not recover the acute anguish she endured on beholding the Guerrillas, with their gallant, admired, beloved, leader, take an opposite direction to that she pursued; and

she almost wished she could retrace the time, and pass again through every scene subsequent to her recapture. Marcella did not depart without a munificent reward for her attention.



## CHAPTER XXVI.

---

————— Rush into the field,  
Where war grows hot, and raging through the  
sky,  
'The lofty trumpet swells the maddening soul.  
And in the hardy camp and toilsome march,  
Forget all softer, and less manly cares.

ARMSTRONG.

---

WHILE they are pursuing their journey, during which the Major imparted to the sisters the whole substance of the communication his brother had made to him, we shall revert to a former part of our history, in order to render perfectly clear and intelligible, every apparent inconsistency in the conduct of our hero.

Spencer Burlington, in an extensive circle of acquaintances, to which he had been early familiarized, had observed, without exerting any very great degree of penetration, a multitude of ill-assorted couples, destined to pass their lives, united by no other tie than that of wedlock, each individual betraying sentiments and tastes so opposite to their partners, as plainly to prove, the only union they combined in, was that which in point of law constituted them one. Convenience, policy, or the evanescent fancy of the moment, stimulated most of these matches, which were productive of as much happiness as could reasonably be expected. Spencer had always considered the married state as that most fertile of enjoyment, but to render it so, he was fully sensible that caution, and consideration, must be patiently consulted. No one could be more independent than he was, and he

determined to fix his choice wherever he should discover an object possessed of those qualifications most calculated to promote domestic felicity, without regard to worldly considerations ; avoiding precipitation, and taking good care, not to be imposed on by the semblance of virtues that did not in reality exist.

What most particularly alarmed him, and induced him to be on his guard, was the unfortunate marriage of his most intimate friend, Lord Brookland, who, had espoused a lady he had only known two months, and who very shortly after had betrayed symptoms of mental derangement, and who, as it afterwards transpired, had before been afflicted by the same disorder. Spencer had continued opportunities of witnessing his friend's wretchedness which made a strong and lasting impression on his mind, which was still more deeply affected

by observing that the offspring of this hapless union inherited the calamity of his mother.

When his brother imparted to him, his passion for Miss Valency, he rather blamed him for his precipitation, but finding he was determined to seek the connexion, he did not oppose it. On being introduced to Honoria, he became anxious for it, for the beauty of her person excited his warmest admiration, and he fancied that she promised every thing that he could love and esteem. His brother's projected alliance with the family, gave him the immediate opportunity of becoming intimate with them. It was the most difficult thing in the world for a man of Spencer Burlington's disposition, to restrain the vivacity of his nature, or confine himself to the footing which mere friendship required, and he was continually transgressing, though he had not lost sight of the caution he had

resolved to maintain, yet was no sooner under the influence of the passion that possessed him, than he fancied it superfluous. But he so far conquered the impetuosity which would have led him immediately to profer his hand to Honoria, as to determine on knowing her a few months longer, before he came to an open explanation. But on being summoned to Bath, he was so fully resolved that the period of his return, should terminate his indecision, that he scrupled not openly to express his intentions to his brother. Nothing but repeated scenes of horror followed his arrival at Lord Brookland's; he was constantly witness to his friend's anguish, and sometimes to the paroxysms of his wife, when he would follow to draw his lordship from the shocking spectacle, and owing to this interference, it so happened, that he was present at the last moments of that unfortunate lady,

who expired in his arms, as has already been stated.

The impression that such a scene was calculated to excite may well be conceived. The day subsequent to it Spencer was walking out, in order to shake off the uncomfortable sensation that hung about him, when he encountered William Irby, and, in conversing with him, recovered a portion of his natural spirits, which revived at the thoughts of rejoining his Honoria. To talk of *her*, he the next day went to call on William, and ask him to ride with him; but William was out, though the rest of his family were visible, and by them Spencer was received. As Lady Brookland's malady was no secret, and Mrs. Irby was not susceptible of very refined feelings, she endeavoured to introduce the subject, hoping Mr. Burlington would gratify her curiosity relative to particulars; but she was disap-

pointed, as he would not speak on it, and made a forcible effort to change the theme. That was not so easily accomplished, and Mrs. Irby continued lamenting, that so many of her fellow-creatures should be afflicted with such a dreadful calamity, and instanced some families in which she asserted the disorder to be inherent. She continued, " There are the Valency's, our old neighbours, most amiable people, they have had it in the family from generation to generation." Spencer started, and changed colour; he knew nothing of Mrs. Irby's general character, or the extraordinary propensity she had for substantializing her day dreams, and introducing them as facts; he had seen her but a few times, and thought her a good-natured, well-meaning woman, and a very old friend of the Valency's. She observed his change of countenance, and recollecting herself



(for she had talked till she had actually forgotten *who* she was speaking to) she exclaimed, looking much shocked—"O dear, Mr. Burlington, I beg a thousand pardons! I entirely forgot that your brother had married into that family, and as the misfortune I alluded to is no secret, but known to every one in the neighbourhood, I never thought of suppressing it; but I can tell you for your comfort, that I never heard of Miss Valency, that is, Mrs. Burlington's having shewn any symptoms of it, nor has *Mrs.* Valency; they have it from the father's side; poor man, *he* died raving mad. I dare say you never heard *Mrs.* Valency mention his death, for she never alludes to it. Poor Honoria is the only one of the children who has been affected with it; she was confined for several weeks about two years ago. The servant who attended her came to

live with me afterwards, and gave us such a dreadful account of her ravings, it was quite shocking. Indeed it was a great disappointment to us all; for if it had not been for that, I was in hopes our families might have been united, for Jonathan was very partial to Honoria."

"*Partial,*" repeated Jonathan, indignantly; but checking himself, he added, "To be sure I might have been a little so at one time, but latterly I was always afraid of her, her eyes used to dart about so."

Harriet Irby shook her head, and said it was very shocking. Spencer, under the lingering influence of hope, had begun to encourage doubts of Mrs. Irby's veracity, till her son and daughter corroborated her testimony, and that *three* people should join in such a horrible falsehood, without any view that he could discern, was wholly improbable; he was reduced

to a state of actual despair, while Mrs. Irby continued, “ When Honoria got quite well again, her mother took her about to different watering places, where she was very much admired, and I dare say will marry very well in some strange place, where nobody knows any thing about it. Indeed she seemed to suit the taste of my family very much, only for *that*, poor thing, for William is in love with her in spite of it, and very unhappy he has been about it; but I hope he has succeeded in getting the better of it now. Why, my dear Sir, there is the poor old Admiral confined at this very time in London; and hardly a year goes over his head, that he is not in such a state for many weeks, as to be unable to see any body.”

Spencer had been informed by his brother's letters, that the Admiral was very ill in town, but the disorder had not been mentioned. Thus Mrs.

Irby's authenticity was rather confirmed, and still more so by her allusion to Mrs. Valency's averseness to speaking of her husband's death. Spencer had several times endeavoured to find out from others of the family, something relative to that circumstance, indirectly, but could never succeed. The fact was, they had no idea of his design, and had not comprehended the drift of his observations. Mrs. Valency herself had been too much attached to her husband, ever to be able to speak of, or even allude to his last moments. This, to Mrs. Irby, who could not understand her feelings, and who always talked a great deal about poor dear Mr. Irby, and what he liked or disliked, and what he used to say on such or such occasions, was quite sufficient to arouse suspicion, and excited the conclusions she had long since persuaded herself were founded in truth. The

circumstance of Honoria's having had a violent fever, in the course of which she had experienced temporary delusion, was more than enough to confirm Mrs. Irby in a belief that she inherited her father's malady. She knew the Admiral's complaint was *reported* to be the gout, but chose to imagine it was not such in reality. *Why* her son and daughter should second her on this occasion, may appear still more strange; but Harriet, it may be remembered, had long meditated an attack on Mr. Burlington's heart, and she knew Honoria was a dangerous rival, and just to shake her head, and say it was very shocking, was a mode of assenting to her mother's assertions, the propriety of which she did not take the trouble to question. As to Jonathan, there was scarcely any length which his spite against Honoria would not have carried him: and believing her to be

attached to Mr. Burlington, there was no way in which he could more effectually revenge himself, than by asseverating what he knew must prevent any rational man from thinking of her.

Altogether, they so far succeeded, as to leave Spencer scarcely a ray of hope ; but, though acquitting them of malevolence, he thought, as none of their understandings were of the first order, they might be in some measure deceived, or guilty of exaggeration ; but on *William* he could rely, and determined to seek him immediately. William was no stranger to his passion for Honoria, and Spencer could appeal to him in confidence. When he was sufficiently recovered to command utterance, he requested to know where he might find William. Mrs. Irby said, he was probably at a certain reading room in the vicinity ; or, no doubt, would call there before he

came home ; and Mr. Burlington departed, leaving Mrs. Irby to conjure up the story she had afterwards repeated, respecting him and Lady Brookland, as she imputed all the emotion he had betrayed to his feelings in regard to that lady. Poor Spencer repaired to the reading room. William was not there — but supposing he would come, Spencer sat down to await him. Two old gentlemen were near him, between whom the following dialogue ensued :

“ So, you are just come from town ! what news do you bring ? ”

“ Oh ! nothing particular ; I saw, and heard of some of our old croneys, Valency, the poor old Admiral, among the number ; he is confined again with his old complaint ; I called at his door to inquire for him the day before I left town, and met Dr. Willis coming out—he told me he was absolutely raving.”



“ His family has been a martyr to it for ages ; his nephew, General Valency, died of it at a very early age.”

Spencer stopped to hear no more ; no possibility of doubt remained, and he hastened to conceal himself from every human eye. That Dr. *Willis* should be in attendance, admitted, in his opinion, and under the impression which affected him, of but *one* interpretation ; he was not aware that *that* gentleman was a private friend of the Admiral, and visited him as such, as well as (in a general sense) in a professional line. The gentlemen in the reading room merely alluded to the *gout*, for that the Admiral was apt to *rave* under its influence, has already appeared.

However, Spencer could require no stronger confirmation of his worst fears, and he shuddered with horror as he reflected how narrowly he had escaped a similar fate to that of his

friend Lord Brookland. But it is quite impossible to give an adequate idea of what he endured on Honoria's account, or in the dread that her sister might be equally unfortunate: he spent a whole fortnight in entire seclusion, in a state of absolute despair, unable to determine how to act, or think of any measure which could ameliorate his fate. How did he repent that want of self-command which had led him to pay those attentions to Honoria, which might reasonably lead her to expect a serious explanation, *that* now could never take place, and the neglect of it left him highly censurable; but he would rather have died a thousand times than have lived a witness to her affliction, or in constant dread of it.

He had been doubtful if she experienced for him as great a degree of regard as he desired, for her consciousness of her partiality had ren-

dered her cautious. He now encouraged those doubts as his only consolation; but his greatest dread was, that she should suspect the real cause of his dereliction, and *that* he could not confess even to his brother; nay, HE was one of the last persons to whom he would have imparted it, though he feared, public as Mrs. Irby had asserted the circumstance to be, he could not long remain in ignorance. Spencer had thus no alternative but to suffer his conduct to remain unexplained, and calmly endure the censure and opprobrium it must draw on him, and even to sanction the innuendos against his constancy, stability, and consistency, in order to shelter the truth from detection. He at length resolved on immediately quitting the kingdom, and he sincerely hoped never to return to it: he was disappointed in his tenderest hopes in the most dreadful manner, and never to

form a matrimonial connexion was his fixed determination, both as most consonant to his own feelings, and as due to her he had once considered as his future wife, who, though fate forbade his offering her his hand, should never behold it another's.

The arrangement of his affairs previous to his quitting his country, perhaps for life, rendered it necessary he should repair to Edenvale; but, could he have imagined that Honoria would have been there, nothing on earth would have tempted him to visit his home. His brother had told him that Mrs. Valency had repeatedly declined their invitation. To that brother he thought he owed it to prepare him in some measure for the steps he was about to take, though he could not explain what prompted it. His disorder on beholding Honoria in the library at Edenvale can now excite no surprise; and the misery he expe-

rienced on that day, in endeavouring to support something like composure in her presence, while compelled to maintain an altered manner towards her for fear of further misleading her, was a trial of the very hardest nature. Her frozen demeanour and repellent looks, and also her sister's, inflicted the keenest pain and humiliation on one, ever accustomed to be encouraged by the smile of approbation, and indulged in a manner which his playful vivacity exacted insensibly. On finding that Honoria had left his house, his emotions, rendered ungovernable by the unusual quantity of wine he had taken during his unpleasant tête-a-tête with his brother, led him to resolve on an interview with her; on which occasion he certainly behaved in a manner he would not have done had he been in possession of his perfect senses. But, on observing Honoria's violent agitation, the

idea suddenly rushed on his mind, that he might be the occasion of a relapse of her disorder; and it excited a degree of horror that sobered him at once, and put a speedy termination to the interview. The conduct both of his brother and Ella during the next day, and her determination to quit his house, cut him to the soul. To be slighted and treated as if undeserving of regard, was to him as novel as humiliating; and he felt himself injured, because he thought his brother ought to have known him better, than to suppose he had not some very sufficient reason for acting as he had done, although he was forbidden to explain it. He determined to have no communication with him while he was unable to exculpate himself, and he feared he would too soon learn the motive of his conduct: he embarked without even knowing the destination of the vessel in which he obtained a

passage, so little did he care what became of him. When he found she was destined for Cadiz, he immediately formed the design of joining the army, and taking an active part in the contest. His object was fully attained, on his finding himself at the head of a corps raised to act as Guerrillas, but organized and appointed like regular troops, uniting all the advantages which could render them respectable as a body, and active in the peculiar service to which they were appropriated.

This pursuit gave new life to Spencer, and he devoted himself to it, by that means escaping many wretched hours, though many still remained, while he

“ Strove to hide beneath the warrior’s vest  
Affection’s wounds.”

When he had been some weeks abroad, and could reflect with more



calmness on the subject, he became sensible that his brother must experience much uneasiness on his account, though at the period of their separation he (Spencer) had felt so hurt by his manner, and so persuaded that Ella would completely wean his affections from him, that he would never wish to hear of him. But now he blamed himself for inflicting on Edgar any anxiety he could spare him; and, though he felt incapable of addressing him while confidence must be so completely banished, he determined to write to William Irby, to whom he could impart all his feelings, and who would give him in return an exact account of every thing relative to those so loved. But to William his letter was a perfect enigma; for ignorant of what he referred to, (for he had no knowledge of the story his mother had propagated) he could not understand any of the allu-

sions, and was quite in the dark respecting the motives of his friend's unaccountable conduct; though he perceived, by his manner of writing, that he conceived he was acquainted with them. However, that he was to inform his brother of his welfare *was intelligible*, which William accordingly did, though he could not shew the Major the letter, from its peculiar tendency.

Spencer had been more than two months in Spain when he received William's answer. It was merely a friendly letter, expressive of his sympathy in his unhappiness from whatever cause it might spring, and his regret that any thing should have occurred to alienate him from his brother.

Spencer was surprised at the tenor of the letter, but after some reflexion concluded, that motives of delicacy prevented William touching on the

grand cause of his affliction. He wrote to him again, for he felt a species of consolation in pouring out his sorrows to one who he knew would feel for him. He then, in plain terms, alluded to the wretchedness of his fate, in being compelled for ever to relinquish all thoughts of the woman he adored, with the aggravated reflection that she might be doomed to suffer the most horrible calamity that could afflict human nature.

This letter was lost, and between two and three months passed away; and, not hearing from William, Spencer concluded his letter had not reached him, and he wrote again to the same purport; and, in about six weeks, an answer arrived. William expressed extreme astonishment at the contents of his lost epistle, and candidly told him, that though he did him the honour of addressing him confidentially, he was a stranger to

the source of his unhappiness, and perfectly at a loss to interpret his allusion to the *most horrible calamity that could afflict human nature, as affecting the woman he adored, and presenting an insurmountable bar to a union with her*, as he was aware of no possible cause which could offer such an obstacle. And though her total indifference towards himself had forbidden him to hope, and smothered his attachment to her, he still thought the man who should be destined to share her fate, would be the most enviable being in existence.

Spencer was thrown into a state of the utmost perturbation by the contents of this letter! he knew not what to think, what to believe, or what to understand. All the dreadful intelligence he had gained from William's family, seemed now refuted by him. But the conversation he had heard in the reading room, and many other re-

lative circumstances, all flashed on his mind, repelling hope, and he could only conclude that William's regard for Honoria induced him to affect ignorance of the melancholy fact alluded to. But such was the agitation and perplexity excited in Spencer's mind, that nothing but the duty in which he was engaged, and the impossibility of absenting himself at such a time with propriety, prevented his immediately setting off for England to seek William Irby, and obtain from his lips an explanation of the incongruities that distracted him. But forbidden to adopt this method of satisfying himself, he by letter imparted to William every minutiae that had combined to deceive him, and implored him, as soon as possible, to explain *why* the purport of his last letter had so little corresponded with the fatal circumstance he had been compelled to credit. Spencer's feel-

ings remained suspended in the most distracting state of fluctuation from the time he dispatched this letter, till three days before he was again to behold Honoria, when he received the following from William Irby, inclosing one from his mother:

“ Were I to paint the sensations with which I address you, my dear friend, I am certain pity for me would, in some measure, soften that resentment, that fury of resentment, which you may most justly experience against my family. I hardly know how to express myself, or render my language intelligible, so strong is the degree of irritation which at this moment affects me; but before I enter into any particulars, let me at once relieve, and make you happy, by assuring you of the falsity of all those horrible impressions which have cost you so much misery, and that

there never was, (with shame, with burning shame I write it) a more scandalous, detestable, and groundless falsehood, than that which has nearly destroyed your happiness for ever."

Near an hour elapsed, after Spencer had read thus far, before he was capable of perusing the remainder; but when the tumult of new born ecstasy gave way to anticipation, joy, and hope, he proceeded with the letter. Having repeatedly read the foregoing sentence, he went on :

" I am a *son* ! Burlington ! then judge what it must cost me to write these dreadful words ! but justice demands it ! truth and honour are at war with duty in my breast ; I would not forget the respect due to a parent, yet fear it is incompatible with the task I have to perform. You have, perhaps, not unfrequently in the course of your life, met with persons



to whom it seems an impossibility to repeat any occurrence, however insignificant, with accuracy or precision. Their plea may be that the thing itself being of no consequence, it is unnecessary to be minutely particular. Thus a habit of misrepresentation originates, for the omission of the slightest circumstance, or substitution of one, apparently as inconsiderable, may change the whole purport of the relation: by degrees this creates a confusion of ideas, which obscures the fair face of truth, and completely obliterates the line between veracity and falsehood. The dangerous consequences of this fatal propensity, I need not enlarge on to you, who have been so peculiarly the victim of it. The person in question has lived many years in the world, and every year she has become less susceptible of the distinction between shadows and realities: they are all confounded in her

imagination, producing as complete a delusion as any other depravation to which the human mind is subject. On a foundation so slight that no one else can detect it, the strangest dreams find place in her thoughts, which by the revolving of the imagination, appears to be acted on and converted into substance, as the operations of water produce petrifications. Having thus far accounted for the propagation of a story, I have already asserted to be absolutely false, I will explain the imaginary basis on which it was founded, as I had it from her, who drew the interpretation of which I demanded an explanation, the moment I had read your letter. She had never heard what General Valency died of, and therefore pronounced that a mystery enveloped *that* circumstance. I reminded her that both his daughters and the Admiral had often alluded to his having died of the gout. She re-

collected it, but declared she had *concluded* that was only a cloak to conceal the truth. I demanded *why* she had asserted that the fever, which had endangered the life of the amiable being she had traduced, during which she experienced that slight alienation of the reason attendant on the disorder, and which my sister afterwards endured to a much greater degree, was an hereditary complaint? She could only implore forgiveness, and declare she had spoken without thought. Of Jonathan I must speak even less favourably, for I cannot acquit him of malice. He was decidedly rejected by that lovely creature, to whom nothing but the certainty of a similar doom would have prevented my making a similar offer. *He* was doubtless glad of an opportunity of being revenged. For my sister—but I hope you were mistaken when you thought *she* concurred in the base as-

sertion, I am loth to accuse her of envy, or any unworthy design inimical to her friend. In regard to the conversation you heard in the reading room, I can confidently assert that as little weight is to be attached to it; as I have often heard the Admiral say Dr. W. was an intimate friend of his, and I know he was at that time confined with the gout to which, as the gentlemen observed, all his family have been martyrs." William proceeded further to explain the Admiral's subsequent arrival at the cottage, and relapse of his complaint, and his being then nearly recovered; then followed what Spencer afterwards communicated to Honoria, and having mentioned his intention of espousing Miss Melville, William continued: "I feel no apprehensions in regard to the future, but such as relate to yourself! Should the misery which my family has brought on you

prove lasting in its effects, I never can know peace. What weeks, what months, of anguish have you endured, nor are you, I am confident, the *only* person who has suffered. Though vigorous, yet vain, was the attempt to conceal it: there has been a severe contest between pride and love in that bosom which I always suspected owned your dominion, in a very early stage of your acquaintance. For your sake I trust that love has conquered, and that you may receive a compensation for the wretchedness occasioned you by that most dangerous, wicked, and unpardonable propensity, the evil consequences of which are incalculable, and which renders a person unworthy of being received into society. Do I presume too much in soliciting the continuance of your esteem—while I sincerely subscribe myself your friend, though under the signa-

ture of a name you have so much reason to abominate.

“ W. IRBY.”

Mrs. Irby's letter was merely an abject acknowledgment of her *mistake*, as she termed it, and much resembled the one she had written to Major Burlington, respecting the story she had propagated concerning Spencer and Lady Brookland.

Spencer could admit no sensation but joy, for many hours after he had perused these letters, no doubt, no fear, could find place in his heart: he was almost out of his reason with delight. A thousand plans floated in his imagination, but he could not think sufficiently sedately to determine on any. Honoria was on the same continent with him, Honoria *might* be his wife! William thought that she loved him! and *that* was joy enough to conceive at one time. When



he became more composed, and able to reflect, he would have given any thing that he had not been at the head of the Guerrillas, that he might have flown to his brother wherever he might be, or have traced his steps till he succeeded in discovering him ; but as that was impracticable, he determined to dispatch a private courier with long explanatory letters, with directions to trace the Major from his regiment. But for the two following days and nights the Guerrillas were kept continually on the alert, and De L'Arevalo had not a moment to devote to the subject uppermost in his mind. Such was the posture of affairs when he rescued Honoria from the enemy, and she was thrown on his protection, while he was still ignorant of who she was : and when, at length, *that* discovery took place, no wonder that the most uncontrollable joy evinced itself in his whole de-



meanour, and that he could scarcely retain command of himself from the delight he experienced at so unexpectedly beholding her at such a very critical period. After such a stroke of determined good fortune, he would not admit a single apprehension to sully his happiness. It was natural that Honoria should be reserved, it was natural that she should resent his past conduct! yet the motive which had actuated it was of such a peculiar nature, that he felt it quite impossible to enter on the subject to *her*. He could not for a moment imagine that she would consent to receive his addresses while ambiguity hung on the past, for he had too good an opinion of her understanding to suppose she would espouse a man whose behaviour towards herself was perfectly incomprehensible. He had no alternative but to offer a plain unvarnished statement of every circum-

stance which had influenced it, and *that* he determined to make to his brother, and implore him to soften and qualify it as far as was possible in repeating it to Honoria. But he could not bear that she should know it while he remained present, and he trusted she would fully have recovered every unpleasant sensation it might excite, before he again beheld her. He was inclined to flatter himself he had a powerful pleader in her bosom, for the anxiety she had repeatedly betrayed on his account during the time she had been at San Fernando, inspired the most encouraging hopes.

In his communication to his brother he left no thought untold, no feeling undescribed! and how was that brother affected and overwhelmed with a sense of what he owed him, and of how cruelly he had repaid that affectionate solicitude for his happiness, which had sealed his

lips, and caused him to submit his actions to the most unfavourable interpretation, rather than divulge what he believed would have shaken the foundation of his felicity to its very base. He could well understand all his sensations under so dreadful a delusion, and promised the most minute observance to the innumerable instructions Spencer gave him in regard to the manner in which he was to make the communication to Honoria. To facilitate it, he delivered William Irby's letters to him, with a thousand cautions, and as many qualifying observations, which were to be aptly introduced ; and, according as Honoria appeared affected, he was to judge of the time when it would be most a propos to deliver a letter from him (Spencer), than which nothing could be more calculated to efface every disagreeable impression, and substitute the fullest conviction of the

ardent sentiment she had inspired. Edgar, in return for this perfect confidence, made him the repository of all that he had endured, originating from Sir Francis Heathcote, and which had occasioned him to conduct himself towards the wife he doted on, in a manner for which he must ever most severely reproach himself. Both brothers agreed, that the devotion of their future lives was due to the amiable and lovely women who, through them, had suffered so much.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

---

He pass'd—nor of his name nor race,  
Hath left a token or a trace.

GIAOUR.

---

THE tediousness of the journey and voyage was, to Honoria, considerably decreased by the strong interest that occupied her mind. The Major had, with the greatest delicacy, feeling, and accuracy, performed the task his brother had imposed on him; but a strange, uncomfortable impression was for some time left on Honoria's mind. But the letter, Spencer's letter, was the panacea that gradually removed all unpleasant sensations, which yield-

ed to the conviction of the sentiments it breathed. At first she had experienced a shock, a species of horror, that possessed her with an idea, that a union with Spencer, after once his imagination had been impregnated with such a fatal persuasion, could never be productive of happiness : but this, like all other ill-founded prepossessions, conceived in the first vivacity of feeling, gradually subsided, seldom recurred, and was soon totally disregarded. Ella was now become Spencer's advocate, and it was laughable to hear her supporting his cause, while Honoria affected to take the contrary side. Ella was not totally free from uneasiness on another subject ; she dreaded that, on their return to England, some evil hap might again throw Sir Francis in her Edgar's path ; and his resentment, should he ever be confronted with the Baronet, she feared would prove un-

governable. For not unfrequently was she compelled to exert all the eloquence of affection and tenderness, not unmixed with gentle reproaches, to convince him he ought not to seek and chastise the worthless author of his past unhappiness. But that wretched being was no longer an object that could excite revenge. The husband, whom he had dishonoured, would have washed out the disgrace in his blood, but Sir Francis had evaded the meeting in a manner which drew on him the opprobrium of all those who consider murder as an expiation of an inferior offence; and as that opinion is supported by the majority of society, Sir Francis suffered accordingly in the estimation of the world. His acquaintances dropped him by degrees; whenever he appeared he was shunned, and looked coolly on, and those who had received him with extended hand, af-



ter he had been publicly arraigned as the seducer of his friend's wife, now turned their backs on him because he had not also attempted his life. Had his motives for avoiding the *rencontre* been such as humanity, religion, and real honour would have dictated, he had remained unappalled by the frown of the multitude, and have esteemed it unworthy of a competition with the upbraidings of his conscience. But *that* was a power Sir Francis did not wish to consult, particularly on the present occasion, for it loudly proclaimed that cowardice had actuated his conduct. Yet when he found what it had cost him, he thought he had dearly purchased security, and almost wished for another opportunity either to clear his fame from the stigma that attached to it, or resign an existence rendered hateful to him, when deprived of the defer-

ence and consideration he had been wont to command.

The occasion soon arrived. The brother of his victim returned from abroad, burning with a fury of resentment against him, and publicly asserting he would force him to fight, or scourge him from the earth. He was not reduced to the latter alternative. Sir Francis was rendered desperate. He beheld the door unclosed through which he might again enter society, and he determined to attain it, or die in the attempt. The latter fate awaited him. He received the ball of his antagonist in his heart, and so far paid the forfeit of his crimes in this world.

This was one of the first pieces of intelligence our party obtained on landing in England, after a prosperous voyage.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

---

Tout difficulté vainéue donne du plaisir; chaque fois que l'on avance vers un but quelconque, que l'on regarde avec complaisance un ouvrage achevé, l'ame sut un calm satisfaction inexprimable, et contente d'elle même ne cherche plus d'autre plaisir.

---

THOUGH Mrs. Valency was not apprised of the exact period at which she might expect her children, she yet, by the tenour of Honoria's letter, thought it by no means improbable she might behold them without any further previous warning, and was in daily hope of their arrival. She was now without a companion, as the union of Miss Melville with William Irby had taken place a few days before, and they were gone on a

nuptial excursion. The Admiral also had departed for a fashionable watering place, and Mrs. Valency felt quite deserted. Though possessing more resources than most persons, and susceptible of all those studious pleasures which are most enjoyed in solitude, she felt that life was joyless without the society of her daughters, of which she had never before been deprived.

Every evening she bent her steps in the direction by which they must approach, and walked till fatigue compelled her to return, often retracing the way with her tears. She dreaded that the Major had had a relapse, and that it might be very long before she should behold her children, and then, perhaps, under the most melancholy circumstances. Every time that she returned disappointed, these apprehensions gained strength, till she became incapable of pursuing any of

her customary occupations, but would spend the greater part of the day in wandering about the grounds attempting to garden, but oftener sitting pensively on a rustic bench contemplating the element she believed separated her children from her. Then she contrasted the scene around her with what it had been not many months before, when the rocks had re-echoed with merriment, and whichever way she looked some smiling youthful face presented an emblem of joy and peace. Now, the loveliest part of the year had passed over, marked only by anxiety and regret, while all those who had given charms to the scene were scattered far and wide. The main spring of their vivacity, her favourite Spencer, whom she never could fancy as blameable as he appeared; him she scarcely hoped ever again to behold; she could not wish it, and only thought of him as a charming vision

she must ever lament their having seen, as rendering all others of his sex so inferior by comparison, as to deprive them of all interest.

Following the melancholy train of thought that presented itself, she was deeply lost in the contemplation of the happiness, she had once hoped might have been her Honoria's, and instinctively pursued the path to the marino, feeling that species of gloom which likes to feed on objects that excite it. She would go and contemplate the silent empty walls of the unfinished edifice she had once thought would have been the abode of as perfect felicity as human nature could experience; that edifice whose advancement she had often witnessed, while she heard her Honoria consulted, and constituted arbitress of every direction. Now, thought she

“ Its echo, and its empty tread  
Will sound like voices from the dead.”

But how was she surprised, on proceeding a little further, and obtaining a view of the structure, to perceive even the environs crowded with workmen, busied in laying out the plantations, walks, &c. and on a nearer approach she heard hammers and saws merrily at work. It immediately struck her that the place had been sold, and that the new proprietor was expediting its completion. Curiosity prompted her to advance; before the door stood a respectable man, whom she had often before seen, and knew to be the person deputed by Mr. Burlington to superintend the erection of the building. He bowed with civility, and advanced as if supposing she wished to ask some question. Impatient to be satisfied whether her suspicions were just, and considerably agitated by the ideas that presented themselves, she directly inquired if the demesnes had been sold?



“ *Sold*, ma’am !” repeated the man, as if doubtful of her meaning ; “ the *ground*, ma’am, I dare say, you may remember, was sold to Mr. Burlington, it is a freehold and——”

“ Yes yes,” interrupted Mrs. Valency, in some confusion, “ but I thought *he* might have disposed of it.”

“ O dear, no ma’am, he is extremely fond of the place, and has given orders that it should be finished as soon as possible. I received a letter from him only two days ago, to that effect.”

“ Where is he then ?” cried Mrs. Valency, eagerly. The man looked surprised ; knowing the intimate footing Mr. Burlington had been on with the ladies ; who, almost daily had accompanied him to view the progress of the building ; it appeared very extraordinary that they should be ignorant of where he was ; he returned, “ Mr. Burlington ma’am is at present in Spain. He informs me that he

hopes to be in England in the autumn, and intends residing best part of the summer season at this place. He also directed me, ma'am ;" continued the man with some hesitation, " whenever I was in any uncertainty or doubt concerning the manner in which he might choose to have any thing done about the house or grounds, to apply at your house, and abide by the decision of the ladies there."

Mrs. Valency was all amazement, and scarcely could she command her countenance; but recollecting herself, she said quickly, " O very well, very well ;" and hurried on lest the man should perceive her agitation. Her spirits were suddenly elevated, and she felt as if she had received the most delightful peice of intelligence that could have been communicated to her.

Spencer was in Spain ! and possibly had met his brother, and even that

brother's companions. She could not understand his conduct, but felt convinced it would be satisfactorily accounted for, and already anticipated every thing she most desired. She was at tea when, an *avant-courier* arrived, to inform her that her children were within half a mile of her. Some of the longest minutes she had ever passed elapsed, when once more she strained her offspring to her bosom, and all the ecstasies of maternal love and filial affection were experienced in the most genuine perfection by the re-united parties. It was long before the Major was even seen by the delighted mother, when she fell on his neck and shed tears of congratulation on his amended state. Edgar's eyes swam also, as he thought, that had she known how much he had made her daughter suffer, she would not have received him with such affection. But all, save joy, was now forgotten,

and in about an hour something like regular discourse was pursued, though very often all spoke at once, some as eager to interrogate what the others were as ready to impart. No explanation of the real cause of the sisters going abroad so precipitately was entered upon in the Major's presence, but they contrived to evade the subject. He, with pretended formality begged to introduce Chico, who had long been making vehement efforts to provoke notice.

“ *That* ma'am,” said Edgar, “ is a protégé of Honoria, whom she has thought proper to grow extremely fond of, since she discovered that it belonged to a young, handsome, gallant Guerrilla Chief, from whom she vouchsafed to accept it, and who therefore, must of course consider himself in some degree of favour ; so you have a fair chance of having a Spanish son-in-law I can assure you.”

Mrs. Valency was half inclined to suspect Honoria had proved inconstant, by the confusion she betrayed on this occasion, while she suppressed a smile, and cast a reproachful glance on Edgar.

“ But who is he ? ” asked Mrs. Valency, “ I thought my love, you told me you had *found* this little dog.”

“ So I did, ma’am ! and I am sure I knew nothing at all of *who* he belonged to, at least, that is, to be sure his collar told the name of his master, but I knew nothing more.”

Mrs. Valency looked at the collar, “ Count De L’Arevalo ! well, and what sort of a man is this Count De L’Arevalo ? ”

“ O ! ” cried Edgar, “ he is the most——”

“ I will not have your description of him, interrupted Mrs. Valency.” Honoria shall tell me about him, I

dare say he is some ugly old fellow ; now is not he ?”

Honorina to whom this appeal was made, blushed deeply, but answered not, while the Major clapped his hands with great glee, begging by all means that *she* should describe the Count. Mrs. Valency observing how much she was embarrassed, thought she should rather relieve her, and most effectually turn the current of her thoughts, by asking the Major if he had seen or heard any thing of his brother. He smiling, answered in the affirmative, and as he arose, he said, he was almost knocked up with the day's exertion, and should therefore go to bed, and leave them to talk over family affairs. The sisters understood this as a signal for entering on all the necessary explanations, and great part of the night was devoted to that purpose. Mrs. Valency's feelings were variously agitated, and it might be

said, that in the progress of the narration, she felt all that her daughters had felt in the different situations they described. She was more angry with Edgar than with his brother. She could not conceive the possibility of believing her child criminal, but she allowed that Spencer had sufficient ground for *his* conduct; and she seemed to have forgotten every unpleasant sensation while reading his letter to Honoria. In this letter he had implored Honoria to indulge him with a reply when she should have reached her home, if but a few lines to satisfy him on the important point to which it related.

She had long meditated, and formed in her own mind, the substance of what she should say to him, which she the next day committed to paper, submitting it to her mother's inspection. It ran as follows:

“ You did not overrate the correct-



ness of my judgment, when you said you should depend on *that* for admitting the grounds of your conduct sufficient to justify it. I do admit it, and in compliance with your urgent supplications, that I would never again refer to the subject, I here quit for ever. You throw yourself on my candour, and only entreat that I will reply to you from the genuine dictates of my heart, without regard to that unnatural formality which my sex in general considers as essential to propriety on similar occasions. I hope I am superior to dissimulation even on a subject where it certainly may be permitted. Had I received your letter eight months ago, my reply perhaps might not have contained more lines than I have already written, but they would have been more to the purpose. During that period, circumstances of so very peculiar a nature have occurred to separate us, and give new impres-

sions to the mind, that some time is requisite to counteract their influence. If Providence, which from my soul I pray, permits your safe return, we will meet as if we had never met before ; we will recommence the study of each other's character, and, should we find it to be such as we approve, it will, then, be time enough to encourage more serious speculations. What I owe to the Count De L'Arevalo can never be forgotten."

Mrs. Valency approved of this letter, she thought it was not calculated to excite despair, nor did she wish that it should. To her original predilection in favour of Mr. Burlington, was now added a degree of enthusiasm, excited by all those brilliant colours in which he appeared as the Guerrilla Chief, the brave renowned De L'Arevalo, and Honoria's animated description of him produced all the effect she could desire. Every day she, with

her mother, visited the marino, while the scenes that had passed at San Fernando were minutely recapitulated, and whether the mother or the daughter, were most deeply interested, it would have been difficult to determine. But they had not forgotten that their hero was still exposed to danger, their constant prayers were for his preservation, their constant solicitude alive on his account; yet Honoria was so much happier than when she had been last at home, that she was comparatively in a state of felicity, and thought it would be impious to murmur, or doubt that the same watchful arm which had hitherto protected him, would still be extended to guard his precious life. She very frequently exercised Rinaldo, but exchanged her *erring* guide and attendant poor Barnett, for her old favourite Roberts, who was now perfectly recovered.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

---

————— Immortal love !

'Tis the strong link that kindred spirits binds ;

'Tis the last polish of exalted minds ;

'Tis rapture, kindling at affection's shrine ;

'Tis virtue, strengthen'd by a force divine.

ROWDEN.

---

MRS. VALENCY betrayed no displeasure towards the Major, though she had at first experienced it ; and when (after knowing that Ella had communicated every thing to her) he timidly approached her, and asked if she *could* forgive him, she kissed his pallid cheek, and said he had suffered enough.

The month of September passed unmarked by any extraordinary circumstance ; the beginning of October the Admiral revisited the cottage, better than he had been for many months. He met his young nieces with great affection, and was by them greeted with sincere congratulations. Mrs. Valency knew his disposition too well to venture to impart to him the real cause of her daughters going abroad, as she was convinced it would excite his strongest resentment against the Major ; but aware of how ardently he had once desired the alliance of Spencer Burlington with Honoria, she thought she should be giving him great pleasure by discovering the probability that it might ultimately take place. As he had been extremely incensed against Mr. Burlington, it was necessary to exculpate him, and Mrs. Valency had no alternative but to relate the real circumstances of the

case; which she did without any hesitation, confident that all censure must fall on Mrs. Irby. Had the Admiral been in convulsions, his countenance could not have been more distorted than it was while he listened to this detail; and from his aspect one might certainly have concluded, that Mrs. Irby's assertions were not entirely groundless: he uttered not a syllable, but when, after having premised all that it was requisite to explain, Mrs. Valency gave into his hands the letters which were to corroborate the statement: he threw them on the table without deigning to look at them, as he started up and traversed the apartment with uneven steps; and though he spoke not, almost foamed with rage. Mrs. Valency was now prepared for the storm, which at length burst forth, when stepping before her, and making the most hideous faces,

ere he could articulate, he exclaimed—

“ Madam! is it possible you can ever think with patience of a man who deserves to be cursed by your whole family? How did he dare to give credit to such a detestable slander? None but a fool, an absolute idiot, could have believed it! and he never did believe it! it is only an excuse for his unwarrantable conduct! and when chance again threw your unfortunate daughter in his way, his incorrigible vanity, not yet sufficiently glutted, prompted this absurd fabrication, in order that he might go on in the old way, and amuse himself for the time at her expense.”

Mrs. Valency, somewhat resentfully interrupted him, saying, “ Mr. Burlington is as incapable of such conduct, as Honoria is of permitting it. If you choose to read those letters of Mr. William Irby, and also one



from Mr. Burlington himself, you will no longer utter suggestions so injurious to that estimable young man."

"*Estimable!* by heavens! I believe he has bewitched the whole family; for I am sure it has never been the same since he was introduced into it."

"Say rather, since he *left* it!"

"No, madam, I will say, since he *entered* it; or rather, became *acquainted* with it, for *enter* it he never shall with my consent; but probably *that* will not be requested, and *Mistress* Valency, I tell you now what I never told you before, though you perhaps have concluded it. It *was* my intention to have made you and your children the sharers of my property at my demise; but not one farthing shall Honoria possess, if she marries that man who, above all others, I detest! *who*, had he not sheltered himself by going abroad,

should have answered to me for daring to play the fool in my family! and how, madam, can you have so little spirit as to tolerate his idea? or how can you be so credulous, as to imagine he has even *now* any serious intention of seeking your alliance? No, he will remain abroad till this new piece of villany has blown over, and then——”

“ I am shocked!” cried Mrs. Valency, “ to hear you speak thus of a person, who, I once imagined, stood so high in your estimation.”

“ And so he did, madam, and the higher he stood *then*, the deeper has he sunk *now*; but I shall call on Mrs. Irby, and I fancy shall find no difficulty in confuting this fabrication.”

“ What she may say now, will probably but little correspond with what she has before asserted; but what she *wrote* under her son’s inspection

may be relied on. I have long since wholly dropped her acquaintance, on account of an infamous story she propagated of Mr. Burlington."

"I dare say it was true, and I shall beg her to repeat it."

Mrs. Valency perceived that it was useless to speak reason to him on the present occasion; she therefore left him, not doubting he would vouchsafe to peruse the letters in her absence; and no sooner had she disappeared, than he seized them with great eagerness, and carrying them to his chamber, perused them with impatient avidity.

He then became convinced that Mrs. Irby had in reality propagated the falsehood ascribed to her; and that she had dared to assert, that *he* was at that very time *confined* under the influence of the disorder she declared to be hereditary in his family, turned all his fury on her, and he set off for

her house in a paroxysm of rage. But he had proceeded only a short distance, when he began to consider what it was possible he could say to a *woman*, and that Mrs. Irby had already made all the concessions that he could have exacted. He demurred a few minutes, and then slowly returned; but all that day he maintained a morose silence. Honoria was not ignorant of the cause, for her mother had imparted it to her; and she dreaded being left a moment alone with her uncle, for fear he should enter on the subject. She much regretted the sentiments he entertained on it, for though she certainly did not intend to sacrifice her happiness to his caprice, she was anxious to marry with his consent, from a respect due to him. As to the share of his wealth, she knew it would be no object to Mr. Burlington, nor, as his wife, to her.

When Mrs. Valency had again an opportunity of interrogating the Admiral, she found him still reluctant to own any change in his sentiments, and he persisted in blaming Spencer for having credited Mrs. Irby's story, though he admitted its plausibility.

The Major's regiment, or rather the remains of it, had now returned to England, which he rejoiced at, as he felt more satisfied in making an exchange on half-pay, which his precarious health rendered necessary, than if they had continued on actual service.

Honorio's reply to Spencer's letter did not terminate their correspondence, he found an excuse for addressing her again, and did not fail to reproach her for having proposed that they should meet, as if they had never met before. He declared he would never enter her presence with such a proviso ; but that he must be received

as he had once been, when suddenly recognized in the garden of San Fernando. Honoria perfectly understood the allusion, but in reply to it affected a different interpretation, and assured him, though he had so earnestly supplicated it, she could not think of adopting the hostile measure he had proposed, and greeting him by an attack of a drawn sword.

On the same day that she had received his letter, she was much confused, when, after dinner, in presence of the whole party, the Admiral very pointedly pronounced, “ Any news from *Spain*, *Miss Honoria*?”

She blushed deeply, and, after a moment’s hesitation, said she had not read the papers.

“ No, not the *newspaper*, I suppose; but I fancy you have pretty well scanned that elegant piece of gilt-edged, with the flaming seal. It

is astonishing what a deal of wax these coxcomical people waste !”

Edgar replied with energy, “ There never was any one who less merited the aspersion of a coxcomb.”

“ Very likely,” Sir,” said the Admiral ; “ I have not made that sort of character my study, and may be mistaken ; I forgot your affinity when I made the allusion.”

No more was said on the subject, and whether her uncle meant to be ill-natured, or *witty*, Honoria could not determine ; but when informed by Mrs. Valency, that it was probable Mr. Burlington would be with them before Christmas, he peremptorily said, that *that* gentleman’s arrival would be the signal for his departure ; but added, that for his part, he so much doubted that he ever would come, that he should not take the trouble to alter his plans on that account, until he actually appeared.



Mrs. Valency expressed her deep regret at the strength of his prejudice against Mr. Burlington, who she had no plea whatever for excluding from her house; on the contrary, the connexion between the families gave him a right to be received, and her Honoria's happiness, it was vain to deny, was dependent on him. The Admiral merely said, that she was to do as she pleased, and so should he. Honoria now reviewed and cherished all the trifling relics Spencer had left behind; she took them into her own possession, and her beloved banner was carefully incased to preserve it from injury, till the time when she trusted she herself should decide on where it should be suspended at Edenvale. But scarcely a day passed that she did not unfurl it to gaze on it with delight; and her mother contemplated it with little less veneration, experiencing all those enthusi-

astic sensations which heroism and valour, in a beloved object, must ever excite. Chico was never permitted to wear any other collar than that which had De L'Arevalo engraven on it ; as to Rinaldo, the Major declared he was no longer his, for that Honoria had taken complete possession of him ; and he assured her, in a whisper, that with his brother's permission, he would resign the favourite to her as a wedding gift.

A few lines, at length, from that brother to Edgar informed him, that he was on the eve of taking leave of the Guerrillas, and that he hoped to be in England soon after the receipt of his letter ; and that he was too full of joy at the idea, to be able to write intelligibly to *any body* else.

*Any body* was sitting with her sister, when Edgar came in with the open letter in his hand, and trying to put on a serious countenance, said:

“ Sad news!”—“ What?” cried both in the same breadth. “ The Guerrilla’s have lost their chief!”—“ He is coming home!” cried Ella, but Honoria could not speak.

For some days after, her spirits continued in that state of agitation which renders all society irksome, and which never permitted her to rest any where but at the top of a mount in the grounds which commanded a view of the road. At length she beheld a travelling chaise, which did not pass the end of the lane, but the horses heads turned towards it, and the next moment a white handkerchief was waved from the window. Honoria flew down the mount, but was so overcome with joy and confirmed hope, as to be compelled to support herself against a tree, till tears of delight sprang from her eyes, and gave her relief. Then with rapidity she endeavoured to gain the house, before

the carriage should arrive at it, and had nearly reached the termination of the path which was embowered by shrubs, when she suddenly stopped, feeling unable to meet Spencer before so many witnesses. She as rapidly turned back, hardly knowing what she was about. She no longer heard the carriage, and was therefore convinced it had arrived; and she ran up and down the distance of a few paces undetermined what to do, longing to fly to welcome her beloved; yet so overcome by timidity, agitation, and confusion, that she dared not present herself before him. But in a few moments she recovered herself a little, and determined to enter the house, and behave like a rational creature: when, at the instant, she beheld her mother conducting Spencer to meet her. He no sooner gained sight of his Honoria, than he darted forward. She evaded not his extended arms,

and was fondly strained to his affectionate bosom, and released but to be again embraced with uncontrollable delight. At length he cried, turning to Mrs. Valency,

“Give her to me?” O, give her to me, my best friend! say this moment that she shall be mine for ever?”

“She must give herself,” returned Mrs. Valency, smiling with a benignity which evinced how completely she was gratified. “I promise to approve her choice, nay, I will say, she could not make a better!”

“Is not your mother right, my love? only say she is,” cried Spencer.

“Of course she must be always right,” returned Honoria, with downcast eyes. Spencer could desire no more!

---

MRS. VALENCY fully expected to find the Admiral making prepara-

tions for his departure, but she only found him talking of it. During the general joy of Spencer's reception, he had quietly withdrawn, unheeded by any one, ; nor did the old gentleman ever enter Spencer's thoughts, till in the course of his conversation with Honoria, ere he re-entered the house, she gave him to understand what temper of mind her uncle bore towards him. But that gave him not a moment's uneasiness, he only laughed at it, and said he would undertake to put him in good humour in *three* days at furthest. On entering the room where he sat, he flew up to him with extended hand, and with such an apparent confidence of being received as an old friend and favourite, that the Admiral, totally unprepared for such a greeting, hardly knew what he was about for a few moments ; by which time, Spencer had shaken him very heartily by the

hand, expressed the most lively pleasure at seeing him so perfectly recovered, and declared he looked better than ever—though at that moment the old gentleman was making such horrible faces, and *wincing* and retreating in so strange a manner, that it required Spencer's utmost command of countenance to constrain the laugh that fain would have burst forth. However, he did not appear to observe any thing extraordinary in the Admiral's manner, but seemed perfectly satisfied with it, and the silence he maintained throughout the evening in no way interrupted the harmony of the party. He affected, as usual, to be reading, and happening to drop his spectacles case, Spencer flew to pick it up, and presented it with a smile which offered the most ludicrous contrast to the grimace with which the Admiral received it, while he was compelled to nod his head.



Spencer was indifferent on his own account whether he approved his marriage or not; but he knew it would make Honoria and her family more comfortable, and he resolved it should be so, and conquered the Admiral's displeasure by a charm he had never found to fail, that of the most inflexible good humour and urbanity. For this, as well as for every other virtue, talent, and accomplishment, with which he was so eminently endowed, he received a just reward in the possession of the amiable and lovely object, so formed to constitute his happiness!

Folly had fabricated the falsehood which had well nigh separated them for ever! Malevolence and Revenge had corroborated it! All alike were frustrated by Constancy and Friendship! But, since there are so many Mrs. Irby's in the world, and so many Harriets and Jonathans ready

to confirm every mischievous report, almost as much caution is requisite to enable us to determine on what we may *venture* to believe, as on what we may be allowed to propagate.

We have not yet heard that Mrs. Irby has got the better of her unfortunate propensity, nor are we inclined to be very sanguine on that head; but rather imagine, that having attained a certain pitch it scarcely admits of a radical cure. *Therefore* the very first symptom of it must be checked, if we wish to avoid the danger of contracting a habit disgraceful in the highest degree, dangerous to society, subversive of honour and probity, and incalculably injurious to individuals!

THE END.







